

THE DIAL

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OLD FRIENDS IN NEW DRESS.

With the recurrent holiday season come recurrent books, old friends in new dress. Though the familiar features may often be of little importance and much disguised, yet they do not fail to show themselves, here and there, recognizable under all their bravery of new trappings and modern modes; and their presence is by no means unwelcome. The Preacher's despondent iteration of the truth that there is no new thing under the sun — that there is nothing whereof it may be said, See, this is new, for it hath been already of old time, which was before — strikes no responsive chord in the breast of one interested in noting the countless combinations and permutations that take place among the limited stock of themes and motives available for the use of the literary craftsman. It is this very union of a familiar idea or plot with a novel setting that charms and delights; for it is sameness in variety that we crave, not an absolute newness, which would but bewilder and repel. When, for instance, a painting is exhibited in which a lady descending a flight of stairs is represented by so novel a combination of lines and surfaces that the beholder cannot distinguish lady from stairs, or indeed discern any suggestion of either without a previous consultation of the catalogue, the feeling is one of mystification and vexation; whereas if the representation vividly recalls or even remotely suggests a certain concrete instance of lady and stairs, the resultant sensation may be highly pleasurable.

The elder Disraeli long ago said, in the manner characteristic of his time, that "one of the most elegant of literary recreations is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities," and that "it forms, it cultivates, it delights taste to observe by what dexterity and variation genius conceals, or modifies, an original thought or image." The reader's enjoyment of Wordsworth is not lessened by his recognition of an old acquaintance in the line, "The child is father of the man." Pope expressed the same thought when he wrote, "The boy and man an individual makes." Dryden put it, "Men are but children of a larger growth." And among minor poets, Lloyd has the couplet, "For men in reason's sober eyes are children

but of larger size"; while in Mallet occurs the line, "She kissed the father in the child," and someone has said in French, "C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme, c'est que l'homme est toujours enfant."

When the young reader discovers that the one-eyed Polyphemus of the ninth book of the "Odyssey" is almost identical with the "tremendous black giant, as high as a tall palm-tree, with only one eye in the middle of his forehead," described in the third voyage of Sindbad the Sailor, and further remarks the slight variations in the two legends—as, for example, the employment of ten red-hot spits in the one version to perform the office of the single immense implement in the other—a new interest is imparted both to Homer and to the Arabian tales that are separated from Homer by many centuries of time. The usual order of reading the wanderings of Odysseus and the inventions of Scheherazade is, as indicated here, the reverse of the chronological, but need not therefore lessen the pleasure of tracing the resemblances and differences in the two versions of the Cyclops myth. If also the young reader chances to discover a certain likeness to Scheherazade in the biblical Esther, the interest is further enriched and enlarged. But, on second thought, it is altogether probable that the young reader, if he be not a prig, will care not a straw for these studies in comparative literature until he has grown into an old reader.

Another familiar example. A reader of the Sherlock Holmes stories will enjoy them none the less for their reminding him of the preternatural acuteness of observation displayed by Voltaire's *Zadig* in that ingenious episode of chapter three which begins, "Un jour, se promenant auprès d'un petit bois," etc. Also, to cite still another familiar instance, one's enjoyment of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" is likely to be heightened by a previous acquaintance with the "Morte d'Arthur," despite the fact that Charles Eliot Norton feels bound to confess, in his recently-published letters, that he found the step from Malory to Tennyson a descent. "I like old Sir Thomas Malory better," he says. In the same department of literature, once more, the lover of Wagner's "Parsifal" will trace with zest the influence of Chrétien de Troyes and Wolfram von Eschenbach. But enough of these ancient illustrations, which will more than suffice to emphasize the truth, lately re-affirmed by the genial author of "A One-Sided Autobiography," that it is "like meeting an old friend to come across the same

plot, or incident, or figure, or even verbal expression, in writers of different times and different lands."

In turning over some recent numbers of the "Easy Chair," attention was attracted to a witty and playful disquisition on current American fiction, in the course of which occurred the following (the immediate connection of which is unimportant): "The fact was interestingly illustrated a little while ago, in the contrasting receptions which American and English criticism gave an American novel treating of the average American life, in characters drawn from those wide levels of society which were once our boast. It was a simple story of the fortunes of a country minister and his family: kindly, human folks, with the foibles as well as the virtues of their sort. The father was proud of his children and of his wife's housekeeping and thrift, and the mother was of a satisfaction in their sense and beauty, and his learning and righteousness, which extended to her own gifts of repartee and fatuous inconsequence of mind. A series of dramatic accidents deprived them of the little competence which they had enjoyed; the engagement of the eldest son was broken off by the parents of his betrothed; the youngest was buncoed out of part of the little money that remained. The father lost the parish where he had long been loved and honored, and was glad to find one among farmers and laborers, with whom his wife and daughters were obliged to associate. The elder daughter was deceived by a mock marriage, and the false lover had the effrontery to pursue the younger after the ruin of her sister. This scoundrel found means to persecute the father and to secure his imprisonment, while the family sank lower and lower into misery. Then, by the magic which novelists possess, the uncle of the wicked lover offers himself to the younger daughter, the father is freed from jail, and restored to the enjoyment of his property and his old parish; the daughter's marriage turns out to have been performed by a real clergyman; the eldest son's engagement is renewed; the sharper who plundered the boy is arrested, and all ends happily." This unexpected meeting with our old friend Dr. Primrose, even in skeleton, was an agreeable surprise, and it also aroused a momentary query whether by any possibility the writer could have had in mind an actual American work of fiction so unblushingly built upon this well-known English foundation—a query rather encouraged than silenced by the fact that the outline, as here quoted, differs from Goldsmith in one or two particulars,

as in the "series of dramatic accidents," which is wholly lacking in the "Vicar," and in making the youngest son, instead of the third from the youngest, the sharper's victim. But although the facetious occupant of the Easy Chair preserves his gravity throughout his subsequent discussion of the supposed "American novel," we shall spend no time hunting for the book, nor shall we make miserable the lives of any librarians or assistant librarians in trying to procure its identification, content to have had this chance meeting with an old friend in epitomized form, and to have enjoyed the Easy Chair-man's innocent little hoax.

In an actual American novel of the present year, and one that has figured conspicuously among the "best-sellers," a spiritual struggle is depicted that is essentially like that which made "Robert Elsmere" so engrossing with readers not of a frivolous turn of mind a quarter-century ago. John Hodder has, of course, his own special problems and perplexities, but it is an interest of a similar sort that is awakened by both the English and the American story, and that waits to be awakened again and again by whatsoever master shall choose to refashion the old materials in new form. Another noteworthy book of the season carries the reader to the rice swamps of South Carolina and shows a plucky woman wrestling with the problems of plantation-management, just as Mrs. Ravenell's life of Eliza Pinckney presented an earlier experience of the same sort in the same immediate region, though under more favorable auspices. "A Woman Rice Planter," the autobiographic record of one who signs herself "Patience Pennington," has in its pages so much that is new and distinctive, and the writer is evidently a person of so heroic traits (modestly and unconsciously revealed), that no addition of reminiscent interest, of parallelism with an earlier narrative, such as is here indicated, was needed to insure the book an eager reading; but it will not suffer by reason of that addition.

Although, as Whittier says, "the new transcends the old," he presently adds that "the olive waves with roots deep set in battle graves." It would be but a thin and unsatisfying newness that did not spring from the old and carry much of the old with it. The same familiar joys and sorrows of the race have to be felt in new form by each individual, the very fact of their antiquity and their commonness giving value and meaning to the fresh experience. The time-worn themes of literature, like abraded coins, have to be reminted; even

the separate words that clothe them lose their power of vivid appeal, and new ones, or new applications of the old ones, are called upon to take their place. The products, too, of the illustrator's art that adorn the books of one generation cease to be wholly satisfying when the next generation has grown to maturity. Hence the pleasing certainty that each successive Christmas season will in the future, as in the past, see the bookshops overflowing with literary wares not only attractive to the passing shopper, but necessary to the transmission of the torch from hand to hand down through the ages.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE REGION OF THE UNROMANTIC, where statistics displace sentiment, and hard-and-fast certainty crowds out all the delightful possibilities that love to lurk in the penumbra of the uncertain and the problematical, is deemed by some to be the chosen abiding-place of librarians. Especially does the presiding genius of the information desk have the reputation of one who scorns the delights of vagueness and lives laborious days in clearing the cobwebs of dubiety from his mind and in flooding its every nook and corner with the pitiless glare of the light of positive knowledge. The English delegate who attended our late A. L. A. annual conference reports to his fellow-librarians at home on this zeal of our librarians for reducing the unknown if not the unknowable to its lowest terms. "It is difficult, perhaps," he says in the course of his report, "just at this time to estimate the intellectual and spiritual loss entailed on the race of men by the reaching of the two poles, reducing almost to the vanishing point those places of the earth where imagination may still lose itself untrammelled by the deadening reality of the topographer and the map-maker, and foreshadowing the time when it will be as easy to get to the poles as it is to Bournemouth. Let us express the hope that the librarians may leave the poles and a few other areas of what Bacon calls the *Globe Intellectual* in their virgin remoteness, untouched as long as may be by the 'civilizing' influences of the cataloguer, the bibliographer, and all those agencies for hustled information which centre themselves in that generally speaking excellent, but unromantic, department of the American public library known as the *Information Desk*." But after all, there is no real cause for alarm. As Herbert Spencer long ago reminded his readers, the enlarging of the sphere of the known, so far from diminishing the volume of the unknown, only increases the amount of surface exposed to that circumjacent element, or, in other words, multiplies our points of contact with it and makes its magnitude more appreciable to the senses.

A VANISHING TYPE OF SCHOLARSHIP, such scholarship as the late Dr. Furness possessed in addition to his vast store of Shakespeare learning, and such as Charles Eliot Norton had acquired together with his special erudition as an eminent Dantean, is pictured in the following "words of a contemporary," appended to the recently published "Letters" of Mr. Norton: "The prescribed curriculum of our day—for it had not changed much down to the time of the war—had one great advantage, that it made a solidarity or freemasonry of knowledge among the graduates, which in the modern system must be very much lost. All graduates [of Harvard] possessed a common fund of learning and training which, as far as it went, represented what was expected to be known by those who called themselves educated men—what had been handed down in the modern world as the summary of necessary human knowledge. And what was taught was taught accurately. Slovenly students there were who scraped through, but such a type as a slovenly teacher was to me almost unknown. To be a professor at Harvard under the old system was to be a 'master of those who know.' In this, Child, Lowell, Gray, Gurney, Longfellow, Lane, Torrey, Goodwin, Peirce—all the members of the Faculty—resembled each other. They were not merely specialists, but belonged to the old fraternity of scholars to none of whom any branch of learning was alien. The atmosphere in which they lived was almost entirely academic. The idea of a college as a place primarily for distinction in sport, or even primarily for 'vocational' objects, would have filled them with aversion." It used to be said of President Chadbourne of Williams that he was capable of holding any of the professorships in the college. Could a like assertion be made of any college president to-day?

INTELLIGENT BOOKSELLING, as practiced by the alert and cheerful salesman or saleswoman, well informed on literature in general and familiar with every book in the shop, is always a delight to the book-buyer. In marked contrast to this intelligent and wide-awake person is the dull-eyed attendant not seldom met with at the book-counter of the twentieth-century department store, whose look brightens with no glad response when perchance request is made for a copy of Johnson's "Rasselas" or Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein." Instead, there probably comes a weary request to repeat the title, and then a hopeless shake of the head in half-doubtful negation, or a vague shuffling of the piles of current fiction as if in forlorn hope of discovering the book beneath "T. Tembarom" or mixed up with "The Coryston Family" and "The Passionate Friends." The "Bulletin" of the Authors' League of America calls attention to the indisputable fact that the sales-clerk is a "most vital factor in the make-up of a successful book shop," and it reprints from the London "Book Monthly" the following, which will be news to many readers: "It may not be known on this side of the Atlantic that there is

now a bookseller's school in America. It has just closed a successful first year with good promise of becoming a permanent institution. The idea of it was to help young men in the book trade to acquire fuller knowledge of that trade in an all-round way. Lectures were delivered sometimes in the great book shops of New York amid very fitting surroundings. This shows us that modern America appreciates the ancient craft of bookselling, and that if we are not careful she will be producing better booksellers than we do."

PLEA FOR A RESEARCH INSTITUTE is made by Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson, chairman of the recently constituted Committee on Research Institute, in a circular letter reprinted from "Science" of July 11, 1913. Fifty thousand dollars, or ten thousand annually for five years, would suffice to establish the proposed institute on a firm basis. It would soon become partly self-supporting, or such is the expectation, since its practical value to commerce, manufactures, and agriculture would be speedily recognized and its services gladly paid for. It would, says Mr. Josephson, "collect titles from all sources and of all dates on a definite number of subjects, concerning which information is actually wanted." It would seek the coöperation of similar establishments in other countries, such as the Institut International de Bibliographie, at Brussels, and the Internationales Institut für Sozialbibliographie, at Berlin. And if with the starting of the proposed research institute there could also be called into being that bibliothecal desideratum, a central library for libraries, for the collection and preservation of those large and expensive publications (serials, transactions, costly reference books, and so on) that only a few separate libraries can now afford to buy, what more fitting headquarters for the researchers could be conceived of than this Central Library for Libraries? The activities of the two organizations would fit together and supplement each other like the two blades of a pair of scissors—not the worst possible comparison in connection with a clipping bureau. Seriously, there is every reason to desire and to hope for the early success of the plan here inadequately outlined.

THE IDEAL EDITOR, as conceived by Charles Eliot Norton, who had himself had considerable editorial experience in connection with "The North American Review," the New England Loyal Publication Society, and in other less direct ways, is not one whose policy is dictated to him by the capitalist or capitalists financing his journal. As is well said by Norton's brother-in-law, Mr. Arthur Sedgwick, in a supplementary chapter to the Norton "Letters,"—"The modern idea of an editor as a mere agent for the dissemination of readable papers on all sides of all subjects, however inconsistent with each other or with his own opinions, would have been intolerable to him; the object he had in view was a publication for which he was willing to be responsible, with a wide range of topics and discussion, but always

with the idea of advancing what he believed to be the truth. It was the adherence to this plan—the tradition of editorship, once almost universal—which gave the periodical press of fifty years ago a weight for which no sensationalism and no amount of contributors' names can ever make up. When the publication spoke, it spoke for itself; with the combined force of all the brains and character and repute behind it." In harmony with this ideal were Norton's habits and methods in all his literary and editorial work. "Like all men who are conscientious about their work," writes Mr. Sedgwick, "he took the most careful pains with everything he did, leaving no stone unturned to avoid inaccuracy and error, and even all looseness of expression. He detested exaggeration. This made his style sometimes seem laboured, and affected his letters and conversation. But it was as far removed as possible from that preciseness of speech, tone, and style which affectation sometimes produces."

THE OVERWORKED PHRASE probably causes a fastidious reader even more annoyance and boredom than does the startlingly new and boldly daring idiom. Fertility of invention speaks in the novel epithet or unhackneyed metaphor; mental sloth and poverty of imagination betray themselves in the outworn turn of expression and the threadbare bit of imagery. Every reader of fine taste has a dislike for the author whose characters are forever "getting in touch with" this, that, or the other person, or are "by way of being" amateur conchologists, or are engaged "in the same line" of research, or are working "along different lines," or are waiting for their expectations to "materialize," or, in the hunting field, are noted for their skill in "negotiating" a hedge or a ditch. What an exhilarating effect it has on a reader to encounter an author who uses only an irreducible minimum of ready-made phrases. There is no somnolence possible in reading sentences every one of which brings to birth a new and exquisitely apt or strikingly picturesque idiom. The London "Times," in a recent comment on stock phrases, says that where such phrases abound and the demand on the reader's attention is consequently small, "he may like this little holiday; indeed, some writers are popular just because their stock phrases are so numerous that the reader's mind can enjoy a complete idleness among them." This kind of popularity, if it really exists, is decidedly not a popularity to be envied.

A BIG CITY WITHOUT A PUBLIC LIBRARY is almost as hard to find in this land of enlightenment as a town without a telephone or a village without a post-office. But recent reports from Virginia will have reminded those interested in the extension of our public library system that in the capital of that State we see a city of considerably more than one hundred thousand inhabitants still unprovided with what is certainly not the least of educational agencies. No other city in the United States, fortunately,

can show a population exceeding the hundred-thousand mark and at the same time a lack of public provision for the literary needs of its citizens. The Business Men's Club of Richmond, however, is now bestirring itself in an endeavor to procure the establishment of a library by the city, and early success is hoped for. Professor Metcalf, of Richmond College, has spoken before the club and called attention to the benefit sure to accrue from the starting of a public library. What such an institution can do for a community he illustrates by pointing to the cities of Nashville and Grand Rapids, each of about the size of Richmond. The Nashville library is freely used by artisans and business men, as well as by students and persons of leisure. No fewer than 36 blacksmiths, 563 bookkeepers, 483 brokers, 70 carpenters, 69 cash boys, 1859 clerks, 2000 laborers, 1748 merchants, and 741 stenographers are enjoying its privileges, says Mr. Metcalf, who discloses an unfavorable contrast in his own city, where current books of importance are in so little demand that even Mr. Bryce's volume on South America has had but ten buyers. Were a public library once established, dozens of useful books on the countries to the south of us would be freely available to all, and would be read by many. That so necessary a part of municipal equipment, in this day and generation, should still be lacking to Richmond, is cause for surprise.

THIS YEAR'S AWARD OF THE NOBEL PRIZE IN LITERATURE is for the first time to an Asiatic, the Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who has visited both England and America and given public lectures on the literary renaissance that for nearly a century has been in progress in Bengal, and of which his own poetry is the most noteworthy product. Mr. Yeats's introduction to "Gitanjali" is the chief source of what is popularly known of him in the English-speaking world; and from that we become aware that the Bengali poet enjoys at home a renown such as perhaps no living European poet can claim among his own countrymen. Only of late has some impression of his genius been conveyed to us through the medium of translation—as if a poet could ever be translated. "To read one line of his is to forget all the troubles of the world," declares an enthusiastic admirer; and he is as gifted in music as in poetry, his songs being sung wherever Bengali is spoken. He comes of a family of distinguished men: two of his brothers are artists, and another is a noted philosopher. A greater interest in Rabindranath Tagore will now be aroused in Europe and America by reason of the late award of the Nobel prize.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S IMPATIENCE OF BOOK-LEARNING was undoubtedly one of the factors that operated to make him a leader in science and a conspicuously independent and original thinker and writer. Now that the voice and pen of this eminent nonagenarian have fallen silent, it is interesting to look back upon his schoolboy days in Monmouthshire

and to see him chafing under the irksome restraints of the schoolroom and condemning as useless the antiquated methods of instruction there employed. To him, at least, the printed page could convey no lesson comparable in importance with that of the larger page of nature; and he was but seventeen years old when the love of botany and the collector's passion seized him. Of his subsequent wanderings and explorations as a naturalist, the story is a long one, and may best be read in the autobiographic work, "My Life," which came out a few years ago. Probably his best-known contribution to the literature of science is his volume on "Darwinism," which many readers have found more easily mastered than the writings of the great evolutionist himself. Other and later works of importance are his "Studies, Scientific and Social," "The Wonderful Century," "Man's Place in the Universe," and "The World of Life." A complete list of his writings, including those published in periodicals, would more than fill one of these pages. . . .

EXTRAORDINARY VALUE IN AN ALMANAC comes to our notice in the recent auction sale of a 32-page pamphlet bearing the title: "Calendrier Français Pour l'Année Commune 1781. Contenant le Calcul ordinaire du lever & du Coucher du Soleil, de la Lune & leur Déclinaison. Un Etat des Officiers de l'Escadre, & des principaux d l'Armée aux ordres de M. le Comte de Rochambeau. Les Epoque les plus interessantes de la Guerre présente, avec les Routes du Continent. A Newport, De l'Imprimerie de l'Escadre, pres le Parc de la Marine." Apparently this is the only extant copy of a most interesting memento of the French aid rendered to us in our time of greatest need. It went, appropriately, to the Rhode Island Historical Society for five hundred and twenty-five dollars. Manuscript notes on five of its pages, from the pen of a French officer, add to its historic interest.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE STEVENSON FELLOWSHIP DINNER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It may interest your readers to know that on the evening of November 13 there occurred in San Francisco the ninth annual meeting of the Stevenson Fellowship, an organization which held its initial meetings in 1901 and 1902, in the Bush Street restaurant where in 1879 Robert Louis Stevenson ate his frugal meals. In the march of improvements the little restaurant gave way to a larger building, which, in turn, yielded to the great fire of 1906; but the Fellowship, without formal organization, has persisted, and year by year, with few exceptions, has commemorated the birthday of Stevenson by decorating with a wreath of bay the memorial fountain erected to his memory in Portsmouth Square, and by a dinner with appropriate toasts and addresses. Many personal friends of Stevenson have had a part in these proceedings, some by letter and others in person.

Among the former, Sidney Colvin, Will Low, Miss Balfour, Alison Cunningham, and Metaafa, the Samoan chief, may be named; among the latter, Mrs. Virgil Williams, with her husband, the friend of Stevenson's San Francisco days, old Jules Simoneau, the French restaurant keeper of Monterey with whom Stevenson played chess and discussed the universe, and Miss Annie Ide (now Mrs. Bourke Cockran) to whom, as a child, Stevenson bequeathed his birthday. Now the growing years find the personal friends of R. L. S. more widely scattered, or passed to join him on the other side; but those who cherish his memory, who admire his writings and find inspiration in his life and character, are no fewer than before. This year sixty met around the board to do him honor, having first placed a wreath on the monument a few blocks away. Here Dr. Edwin T. Wiley, of the University of California, gave a short and feeling address on "The Optimism of Stevenson," which was followed by the reading of Mr. John N. Hilliard's poem, "At the Robert Louis Stevenson Fountain." Between the courses of the dinner many tributes in prose and verse were read. There were messages from several prominent literary people, and poems from Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Clarence Urmey, George Sterling, and A. de B. Lovett,—all testifying to the vital hold Stevenson still has on the hearts of men. It is doubtful if the name of any other author could be the nucleus for such a gathering, or could call forth such heartfelt tributes of admiration and affection, such testimonies of courage revived and inspiration received.

The dinner was followed by a finished and careful study of "Stevenson as a Book Reviewer" by Professor William Dallam Armes, of the University of California. These early book reviews of Stevenson's are not familiar to the average reader, since they were not deemed worthy of a place in the permanent collections of his writings. The researches of Professor Armes brought to light brilliant passages of satirical wit not unworthy of Stevenson's later years, and some sharp thrusts only a little less keen than the invective employed in "Father Damien." Some of the opinions expressed are amusing for a quality of cocksureness which Stevenson would probably have modified in later years.

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

Berkeley, Calif., Nov. 20, 1913.

SWINBURNE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am very grateful to your correspondent for his interesting bibliographical suggestions regarding Swinburne, and shall add a note about "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure" to my bibliography when I reissue it separately in book form. May I solicit the aid of your readers in my attempt to render more nearly complete my bibliography of books, articles, and poems by Swinburne? It is admittedly incomplete. It does not, however, pretend to mention articles or poems which have been gathered into volumes by Swinburne or his executor. It does aim to list all first editions, and such essays, stories, and poems as Swinburne has not seen fit to reissue in book form. I shall be exceedingly grateful for such assistance as your readers may give me in my effort to publish a complete checklist of Swinburniana.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Mass., Nov. 22, 1913.

The New Books.

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN SCULPTORS.*

Augustus Saint-Gaudens left no rival among American sculptors, and there are not a few who would claim for him the highest position in the entire republic of the arts in this country. During the last years of his all-too-short sojourn among us he found leisure to dictate the fragments of an autobiography. Sickness, weakness, and finally death prevented his carrying the work to completion; but, like several of his sculptural sketches, the project has been taken up by another, and in this instance at least the result is most satisfactory. The artist's son, Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens, is a writer by profession, and naturally his best efforts have been enlisted in this labor of filial piety. He has united and amplified the precious fragments (though always keeping them distinct from his own contribution through the use of a separate font of type), and his familiarity with his subject, his sympathy and frank admiration for his father's achievement, make this work a delightfully intimate and illuminating résumé of an exceptional life. It is something that was needed, and it is an occasion for gratitude that the task fell to hands so competent.

The strongest impression that comes to one in reading these volumes is of the immense activity of the man's life and of his splendid citizenship. He seems to have been seized early with the conviction that however fine a thing it may be to be an artist, it is a vastly finer thing to be an artist-citizen. Probably he never formulated a confession of faith; but there was within him a generous impulse, an innate sense of the responsibilities as well as of the power of art, which pointed the way toward a continual expansion of his interests and sympathies.

Opportunity was his in abundance, and his associates were men of affairs and broad outlook. Given such an environment, it was inevitable that this retiring and ever-modest man should be marked from the first to become a national figure. One can imagine another, possibly quite as perfect a craftsman, with a horizon precisely bounded by his studio walls, with interests limited to the piece of work upon his modelling stand. This could hardly be the case, however, with a man who has endeavored to teach.

*THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS. Edited and amplified by Homer Saint-Gaudens. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

Saint-Gaudens's sympathy with struggling beginners, with the efforts of his many ardent and oft-times bewildered pupils, was the logical preparation for larger fields of usefulness. He taught for many years the sculpture classes of The Art Students' League, and no teacher ever had more loyal and appreciative disciples. His earliest public effort seems to have been in connection with the founding of the American Society of Artists, a secession from the National Academy of Design. This strong organization fulfilled most admirably its purpose, and then returned amicably to the parent body. We still have lively memories of the master's inestimable service as adviser in the planning of the Columbian Exposition; the splendid MacMonnies fountain, the monumental "Republic," and the imposing peristyle were his suggestions among many. Later, even in illness, Saint-Gaudens took an active share in the work of the important National Art Commission in Washington; and finally, in the founding of the American Academy in Rome, we have repeated glimpses of his glowing enthusiasm and high endeavor. Indeed, so strongly did this notable enterprise appeal to him that he overcame for the moment his almost invincible terror of speaking in public, and made an address for the cause at a great dinner in Washington. It is safe to say that no hope of personal gain could ever have persuaded him to attempt this. Obviously such service cannot be bought or recompensed. In all of his noble enthusiasms, Saint-Gaudens exemplified Thoreau's admirable words: "An efficient and valuable man does what he can whether the community pay him for it or not."

One of our up-to-date—and therefore irrelevant—young critics has recently observed that if there were no more passion in real life than is to be found in Mr. Howells's characters, then there are some eighty or ninety millions of us who would not be here at all! One has at first something of the same feeling in reading Saint-Gaudens's chronicle of his work. One protests that surely there must have been more emotion than this behind those magnificent achievements. Is it possible that masterpieces which speak to us so convincingly, which fairly thrill us over and over again, have had no passionate conception, no tender development, in the soul of the artist? This is unbelievable. Is it not more likely that Saint-Gaudens's reticence upon the subject is rather a frank acknowledgment of an emotion too profound and too sacred to share with all? There is no pose in the attitude of the artist-author. He does not disclaim

the deep feeling which must have given birth to the Lincoln, the Shaw, and the Adams memorials; he simply refuses to talk about it to the curious crowd. But a man who could labor upon a work like the Shaw relief for fourteen years, fairly loving it into noble perfection, has a right to leave the result to time and to the work itself. Yet how we wish that we could penetrate the silent past and see the master in the midst of his vision, or hear his glad cry of exultation over a hard-fought triumph! The book preserves for us one such joyous shout, where Saint-Gaudens, engaged upon his Sherman, writes playfully to his niece: "I think I told you that my 'Victory' is getting on well. It is the grandest 'Victory' anybody ever made. Hoorah! and I shall have the model done in a month or so." A studio resounds from time to time with many a happy hurrah, but they are not often recorded. Of his father's exceptional reserve, Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens writes:

"In other directions, however, his autobiography fails to awaken an interest beyond that of the more outward events of his life. Because of his horror of 'art talks,' he has given few opinions on art or sculpture, which frequently seemed good or bad to him only through the presence or absence of a peculiar power exceeding the reach of definition. Often he would say, 'I could not answer that man, but I knew he was wrong.' So with a faith founded more on intuition than on theory or reason, he became reluctant to discuss even answerable questions."

True to this characteristic, Saint-Gaudens writes in his opening chapter: "If the reader hopes to find herein a disquisition on art or the production of artists, it will be well to close the book at once. There is nothing of that in these pages."

But what an interesting life was his,—what privileges of companionship and mental stimulus! The two volumes are full of anecdotes, piquant incidents, and experiences; and one feels that there were many more exciting ones behind those. Indeed, Saint-Gaudens says himself at the beginning: "Like everyone else, were I to set down everything about myself, as well as everything I know of others, I could a tale unfold that would make what follows appear like candle-light in sunshine; but various considerations, conventional and otherwise, bar the way vexatiously." One is afforded delightful and sometimes amusing glimpses of Whistler and La Farge, of Robert Louis Stevenson and General Sherman, of Richard Watson Gilder, Daniel H. Burnham, and many more. We catch old Doctor McCosh in innocent prevarication the while Stanford White quotes scripture,—such are some of the surprises of the recital.

Saint-Gaudens was of humble parentage, and probably owed much to this circumstance. The one drawback was the lack of systematic education, which hampered him somewhat in utterance, so that he always found letter-writing a cruel punishment. Time, and intercourse with the best, gradually atoned in great measure for these deficiencies, and we find his diction—always as simple and purposeful as his clay sketches—developing in flexibility and charm before our very eyes. It is safe to say that he might have become an admirable writer. As it is, these pages betoken the kind of man that he was, recalling in their unpretentious directness the autobiography of General Grant,—showing the same quiet humor, and strangely enough written amid circumstances of similar heroic patience.

Born in Dublin in 1848, of a French father and an Irish mother, America's greatest sculptor grew up in New York City with his father's little shoe-shop as his principal background. It chanced that at an early age he was apprenticed to a cameo-cutter. It was upon this slender thread of the fates that depended our country's good fortune! Had his parents selected any one of a hundred other callings, his life would doubtless have remained as colorless and inglorious as that of the boy next door. It was not entirely chance, however, that turned the scales, for he tells us:

"But, now, since I was just thirteen, my father said to me one day: 'My boy you must go to work. What would you like to do?'

"'I don't care,' I replied, 'but I should like it if I could do something which would help me to be an artist.'

"Consequently father apprenticed me to a man named Avet, a Savoyard, dark, with a mustache which extended down along the side of his cheek and jaw. When he was not scolding me he sang continuously. I believe that I am not wrong in stating that he was the first cameo-cutter in America, though stone seal-engravers there were already in New York, as well as shell cameo-engravers, at which occupation Palmer and Launt Thompson were adepts in the early periods of their careers. For it was the fashion at that time for men to wear stone scarf-pins with heads of dogs, horses and lions cut in amethyst, malachite and other stones. I was Avet's first apprentice and the stones I prepared for him he would finish, occasionally allowing me to complete one myself. He was employed principally by Messrs. Ball, Black, & Company, who had their store on the corner of Spring Street and Broadway, and now and then by Tiffany, to both of which shops I took cameos when completed, always with a profound impression of the extraordinary splendor of those places."

At the end of three years the youth took his last scolding, packed up his belongings, and went home; and another period of three years—happy ones this time—was begun in the

shop of a shell-cutter. During all this time he was studying drawing in the night classes of Cooper Union or The Academy of Design. Thus, at the age when the average educated man begins his special studies, this youth was thoroughly grounded in drawing and already a master of low relief,—a master in the sense in which no belated beginner ever becomes a master, for with him it was both mental and physical mastery.

In February, 1867, the boy of nineteen sailed for Paris, with a steerage ticket and a fortune of one hundred dollars in his pocket, and his cameo-cutter's kit for his principal baggage. Of the school days at the Beaux-Arts there are delightful glimpses. Here, for instance, is the description of the Professor:

"Jouffroy was tall, thin, dark, wiry, with little intelligent black eyes and a queer face in profile, his forehead and nose descending in a straight line from the roots of his hair to within an inch of the end of his nose, which suddenly became red and round and pimply—though the ball was discreet in size; it would have been in bad taste had it been larger. He also had stringy hair and a nasal voice. He made his criticism in a low, drawling tone, nine-tenths of the time in a perfunctory way, looking in an entirely different direction from the model and from the study. Occasionally he worked on the figures in a strange fashion, his right hand pawing the clay, while in his left he held a little wad of bread which he constantly rolled. He was much in vogue at the Tuileries at that time, although he achieved his distinction some ten or fifteen years before my arrival."

There was a famous walking trip in Switzerland with comrades of the atelier, and later, upon the opening of the Franco-Prussian war, a visit to Italy which prolonged itself ultimately to a stay of some five years. Now follow the familiar and sometimes plaintive stories of the early essays at professional work, the hopes and disappointments. The beautiful angel reliefs which Saint-Gaudens modeled from drawings of John La Farge for St. Thomas's Church in New York were the chief work of 1877, and did much to win friends. They were destroyed by fire a few years ago. The story of the struggle to obtain the Farragut commission is a tense one, and we realize how near we came to losing a masterpiece. From the moment, in May, 1881, that this monument was unveiled in Madison Square, New York, Saint-Gaudens became a public character, taking his place at the head of American sculpture; for the unknown young sculptor had made the finest portrait statue in this country,—to be surpassed only by himself.

There is a picturesque account of an eventful

journey in 1883 through the far west, from the wastes of Arizona to Tacoma, and thence home. It concludes as follows:

"The night we crossed the plains of Kansas we went through the gilt-edged edition of Hell. But I had one recompense. The sleeping-car conductor, after hard spelling, got my name. 'Why, you're the man who made that great statue in New York? Well I declare! Allow me to congratulate you!' Then a squeeze with his big fist. Such is fame."

Of the evolution of the Shaw Memorial, that extraordinary bronze relief which pictures so poignantly the white commander leading his colored regiment to almost certain death, Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens says:

"Through fourteen years of such endeavor, then, the Shaw relief remained in the studio, while other commissions came and went; fourteen years, during which my father returned to this work winter and summer with an unflagging persistence. Even the hottest of August days would find him high up on a ladder under the baking skylight, as he developed and eliminated these details of his task; for the details, as has been seen, he changed and changed, though the original conception, according to his almost consistent practice, he never altered. Early morning would grow to noon, scarcely marked by more than a hasty munching of an apple. Noon would fade to dusk without a falter in the steady toil. And then, after the evening meal, he would take his place again beneath the flaring gas jets when the special task was of a sort to permit night work."

And Saint-Gaudens betrays his own enthusiasm in writing to Mrs. Van Rensselaer:

"I've done nothing but model, model, model furiously for the last month. I've been putting negroes of all types in the Shaw, and it's been great fun. I'm as happy as a clam over it, and consequently beautifully negligent of every friend, no matter how much they may have passed before my vision as I was driving away at my darkeys."

Every incident in connection with the growth of the "Lincoln," the "Deacon Chapin," above all the mysterious Adams Memorial of Washington, is of surpassing interest. It is wonderful to get into the studio and watch the progress of these mighty works,—to see the original sketches and their rejected rivals, and to imagine what the work might have been had the artist's taste wandered to another choice.

Of the Columbian Exposition and Saint-Gaudens's part therein much is said. He writes thus of the MacMonnies fountain:

"I then urged that the execution be placed in his hands, and there is no other piece of work with which I have been associated as adviser that has approached this in the satisfaction it has given me. It seemed to fit in absolutely with his temperament, with his appreciation of the joy of life, beauty, and happiness, and I consider his composition as a whole, and particularly the central motive of the boat, the rowing maidens, the young figure of America on top, the most beautiful

conception of a fountain of modern times west of the Caspian Mountains. It was the glorification of youth, cheerfulness, and the American spirit, and I think it is a calamity greatly to be deplored that it should have gone to ruin. It would have made a remarkable monument to that extraordinary exhibition.

"The days that I passed there linger in the memory like a glorious dream, and it seems impossible that such a vision can ever be recalled in its poetic grandeur and elevation. Certainly it has stood far beyond any of the expositions, great as they have been, that have succeeded it."

Of a magnificent building which Chicago permits to fall to decay as it permitted the destruction of the MacMonnies fountain, Mr. Burnham writes to Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens:

"The Art Building had just been finished. Your father came to my rooms late in the afternoon. He took me by the shoulders and said, 'Old fellow, do you realize the rank of Atwood's building? In my judgment, it is the best thing done since the Parthenon.' This conclusion has been justified by the statements of many eminent critics."

Saint-Gaudens "discovered" the little town of Cornish, N. H., and loved it more than any other spot on earth. Much of his later work was done there, and there for many months he peacefully awaited death, guiding his studio force from his sick bed to the very end. He died on August 3, 1907.

One of the most charming bits in the whole work, and wonderfully true in local color, is the following glimpse of the maturer artist life in Paris, showing the gift of the French to find interest and contentment amid surroundings of the humblest character. The occasion was a flying visit to Paris in 1889:

"I was there but two weeks and was desirous of returning in what measure I could to my student life and environment, and, for that reason, occupied a little box of a room that MacMonnies offered to me fronting on a charming court where he had his studio. The first day, on awakening, I turned to the tiny window overlooking the little garden in the cool gray of the morning. Presently, from one of the studio doors which opened on the court, an old chap appeared in his dressing-gown, peacefully smoking a pipe. He trudged along in among the paths over to one particular flower-bed which was evidently his little property, and with great care watered the flowers with a diminutive watering-pot. Soon another oddger appeared from another door, in trousers and slippers. He also fussed and shuffled quietly in his little plot. And then a third came from the other end of the garden, with a skull-cap on. This one, with the greatest caution, mounted a step-ladder, tying here and cutting away there, among his plants, while the others raked away in the earth below among the flowers, and murmured and chatted about this little plant, and that little flower, this bit of earth and so on, with apparently no other thought than that of the Greek in 'Candide' to 'Cultivate your garden'; the blue smoke from their pipes of peace rising philosophically among the greenery in harmony with it all. These were the Satanic comrades of my youth at the

Beaux-Arts, the Devils who made me bawl Marseillaise for months, and it was all so far away from the Hell's Kitchen of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway that it gave me much to reflect on."

The many illustrations in these two volumes are of exceptional beauty and interest. The great works are adequately shown. Particularly fascinating are the sketches and studies for these well-known figures, and an unlooked-for revelation is found in the sculptor's whimsical caricatures of himself and his friends.

The volumes are singularly free from errors. But there never was a book without some mistakes, so its editor will pardon us for calling attention to the fact that Saint-Gaudens's "enthusiasm for Rodin's early work such as the 'St. John Preaching'" could not have been "revived by the production of 'Age of Brass,'" since the last-named was Rodin's initial achievement and was followed by the "St. John." "Brioux" and "Donnay" are not the names of eminent sculptors, though given as such. In 1875-1877 George Bissell was undoubtedly "as active as ever," but it chanced that he had not yet taken up sculpture. The use of Frederick MacMonnies's boyhood name of William in later chapters is confusing, and the familiar misspelling of French names is regrettable. But these are small matters, easily overlooked in the great pleasure which this brave and cheery recital will afford every person of culture. Saint-Gaudens has left us his great message for all time in his monuments; but this is a supplementary, humanizing revelation, a sort of hand-clasp and good-bye which will keep his personality vivid in our memories. Would that the grateful thanks of a nation could reach him!

LORADO TAFT.

CONTEMPORARY VERSE.*

It used to be thought that anthologies were the accompaniments of the death of a literature, — that they partook of the nature of funeral wreaths. However this may be, there is certainly a mania to-day for weaving these garlands, and all sorts of expected and unexpected persons are putting their hands to the work. If their efforts help to increase the reading of poetry they are doing the world a service. And perhaps the bargain-loving public does prefer to buy specimens of fifty or a hundred poets for about the same price it would have to pay for

*THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN VERSE. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. GEORGIAN POETRY, 1911-1912. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

one complete. But from a critical point of view we doubt whether the majority of recent anthologies are helpful. Certainly anyone is entitled to have a *bede-roll* of favorite poems; and if he or she can induce some publisher to print these in a book, it must be convenient and gratifying to the compiler. But we must protest against these collections being considered canonical; we must deny that they have any authority or finality of fame.

It is not so bad in regard to the poetry of the past, for most gatherers of poetic flowers are content to wander along the roads and ruts made by Time. But in the present, which is as uncharted as the air is for the aviator, how are they to know which way to turn for the most beautiful cloud-wreaths? Contemporary opinion of poetry is so untrustworthy largely because it is ignorant of what is being done. Who for instance in England, say *circa* 1875, would have dreamed of including poems by George Darley, James Clarence Mangan, Emily Brontë, and Edward FitzGerald in a collection of modern verse? Yet, barring the four or five accredited poets of the age, these writers are the stars of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's last big, and we think otherwise most unsatisfactory, anthology. To be a good anthologist requires an almost impossible combination of intensity and universality of taste. English lyric poetry has had but one great editor of this kind, — Palgrave; and he failed dismally when he tried to select from his contemporaries. Palgrave's indebtedness to Tennyson's judgment may have been more than is known. Only the divining rod of a great poet could have so surely indicated the true veins of ore, — and Palgrave was not a great poet. In America, Frederic Lawrence Knowles gave us a nearly perfect, though small, anthology of our poets of the past.

We have before us two recent anthologies, — one American, "A Little Book of Modern Verse"; and one English, "Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912." The English book seems to contain a good deal of poetry in solution, but it does not crystallize into anything distinct. Most of the poems are intolerably long for lyrical verse, — the writers sprawl and scrawl all over the shop. As far as we can see, none of the pieces are new or vital or supremely fine. The concluding "Dirge" has a charming note, but it is rather an echo of FitzGerald. "In the Poppy Field" is good, but it is reminiscent of Wordsworth. We shall not be suspected, we hope, of any desire to disparage verse; but we think that the prose phantasies of Mr. Hilaire Belloc

are more poetic in conception and execution than anything in this book. On the whole, this Georgian poetry is very different from the Georgian poetry of a hundred years ago.

We turn to the American volume and we are in another atmosphere. Here, in the main, the poems are short and succinct, their outlines clear and definite. Nearly every one of the American poets quoted has a sense of form, both in verbal style and in the evolution of their pieces. And poetry is almost as much a form as the old French king was.

As the English anthology only gleams from the poetry crop of the last two years, and as many of the poets in the American volume date back thirty-five or forty years, it would manifestly be unfair to treat the books as representative of the two literatures. The American book, however, is quite inadequate even as a glimpse of what we have done within the limits indicated. What system of selection or exclusion the compiler has followed would be difficult to say. Such names as Aldrich, Stedman, Stoddard, Bret Harte, Bunner, Sill, Eugene Field, Gilder, Lampman, Helen Hunt, Father Tabb, and a score of others, who were easily contemporaneous with many she quotes, are omitted. As far as she does permit herself to range, her work has apparently been done with good judgment. It is perhaps invidious to select from a selection, but we please ourselves by naming a few pieces. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's "The Kings" is a superb lyric, hardly surpassable in expression; it may fairly pair off with Bryant's great piece, "The Battlefield." Frederic Lawrence Knowles's "Love Triumphant" has a classic perfection indicative of a master, dead, alas, too soon. Mr. Arthur Colton's "Harps Hung up in Babylon" and Mr. Clinton Scollard's "As I Came Down from Lebanon" have the lyric movement that stirs and the verbal conciseness that stays. Miss Helen Gray Cone's "The Ride to the Lady" has the Rembrandt gloom and atmosphere of the past; and Miss Anna Hampstead Branch's "New York Shop-Girl" has the brightness, lightness, and pathos of the present.

With the additional weight of metal which could easily be thrown into it, an American anthology of the work of the past thirty-five years or so might, we think, be produced which would hold its own against a similar English volume. Our public is entirely too fond of importing its literature, art, and wine from abroad. Apropos of this, we are tempted to give a story which has probably already appeared in print,

but which will bear repetition. It was related by Mr. Hall Caine as an experience of his own in Iceland. He was out in the open country with a guide; and, gazing at the spectacle about him, he exclaimed: "Ah, yes! This is grand, this is sublime! But I came to Iceland to see your glaciers. Where are your glaciers?" "Glaciers!" said the guide, "why, you are sitting on them!"

We think it is unfortunate that during the last generation, during the period when most of us were getting more kicks and curses than halfpence, attempts have been made to groom and boom two American poets for the great succession. The first of these was Lanier. He came at a juncture when the older American writers were looking around for a new laurel wearer, and were anxious to please and placate the South. He must have been a charming personality,—brave, good, untiring, eager, and interested in many things. And he had considerable command over metres,—was, in fact, a miniature and moral Swinburne. But his intellectual value is not great, his criticism being more or less absurd. And in poetry he lacked the one thing necessary,—poetic expression. His first biographer admitted that he possessed little verbal charm or distinction. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in one of his letters, relegated him to the rear rank of minor poets, adding that he had never talked with more than two or three literary men who thought otherwise. Stedman, in his answer to this letter, intimated that his own opinion was not very different, but that considerations other than literary had compelled him to force Lanier's rank. English criticism has always smiled at the attempt to place him as a great poet. We fear that in the end his fate will be something like that of Henry Kirke White, who, because he was amiable and interesting and had consumption, was borne for fifty years on the rolls of English literature as a great poet, the equal of Gray and Collins, Coleridge and Keats. The bubble was finally pricked, and White has vanished from the field of view.

William Vaughn Moody is the other poet who has received an amount of praise which will probably cause a reaction. His reputation was made, and largely rests, on his "Ode in Time of Hesitation," a work of great moral force and sustentation, which echoes the views of an immense mass of intelligent readers. We will not criticize it directly, but will ask if even its warmest admirers really rank it with Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." To us, it seems as inferior in literary merit as it is in theme and occasion.

Yet Lowell's poem is fading on our hands. It does not hold its colors as do other of his pieces,— "The Vision of Sir Launfal" or "The Courtin'," for example; or as do the long elegiac poems of his rival, Matthew Arnold. There are many reasons for this. It suffers under the blight which seems to await all political poetry. It is too long, and is written in that pseudo-Pindaric form which is too flabby and ungirt to race well with Time. And it is rhetorical. Now a certain alloy of rhetoric is needed in poems of length to harden and toughen the pure gold of poetry. A number of Shakespeare's plays, and the poems of Coleridge and Keats, are almost the only considerable poetic works in the language which are without this alloy. But Lowell's "Ode" has more of oratory than of poetry. Its effect was overwhelming at the time of its production, like the effect of a great speech. But, of all the utterances of man, great speeches are the hardest things to keep alive. All these considerations apply to Moody's "Ode" as much as to Lowell's, and wise underwriters will hardly insure its immortality. CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

A "NEW" DRAMATIST.*

In England, ten years ago, there were certain young men of rich promise yet quiet dignity who were frequently cited, by the *illuminati*, as the predestined literary leaders of the theatre to-day. They were not leaders then,—but they were earnest, sincere, self-searching; and they never surrendered their work to the devouring gaze of the public until they really approved it, and were ready to stand back of it. These same men are not the leaders to-day,—for some are dead, some diverted to other more urgent channels, some finally are still struggling vainly for the "new" drama which demands two indispensable factors: a repertory theatre, with short runs periodically repeated; and a sophisticated public of highly cultivated people, cultivated in sensibility and emotion, who will not judge, finally, every play on the basis of the "happiness" of its ending.

St. John Emil Claverling Hankin, for some inscrutable reason, left the scene with shocking suddenness,— "arose from life's feast" and left behind him a memorial of such striking merit and arresting quality that the sense of loss will deepen with the passage of time. During the seven years preceding the year of

* THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF ST. JOHN HANKIN. With Introduction by John Drinkwater. In three volumes, with photogravure portraits. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

his death (1909), he wrote seven plays and began an eighth—which establish the foundation of his reputation. Whether, under contemporary conditions, he bade fair to produce plays of popular success, it would be hazardous to affirm or deny; but certain it is that he had the root of the matter within him. The tone, the quality, the point of view, the “philosophy” were fresh and naïve, — and yet naïve only in their singular sophistication. If Hankin had one capital fault, it was the oppressive sense of “society,” the crushing weight of the upper social strata. Once this is conceded, and forgotten, critical judgment will surely own that Hankin left upon all of his plays the stamp of an alert and shrewd personality, and surcharged his terse creations with a temperamental charm and color which constitute their most poignant excellence.

In the deeper sense, surely, Hankin was a stylist. That he followed Wilde was only another way of saying, accurately, that he admired Wilde extravagantly, employed his methods, imitated him deliberately. The quality of the amateur, which even the best of Hankin's comedies reveal, is, I think, the result of just this one thing: he was unable to conceal his imitativeness. Yet, despite this patent fault, his dialogue is, from the purely dramatic standpoint, notably superior to that of the man whom he chose as master. For with Wilde, as I have more than once pointed out, real characterization, in the deeper sense, is subsidiary to epigram. And so we have the singular spectacle of a group of characters uttering fascinating, clever generalizations in the most frivolous manner, which, *mutatis mutandis*, would be equally appropriate to any of the other characters. Wilde's characters cannot be recognized by the epigrams which they create; all are equally facile in their creation. With eyes closed, we cannot, in Wilde's plays, guess the speaker from his overheard conversation. Nevertheless, Wilde's conversation is the most scintillating, the most delightful, we have had upon the modern English stage. It is often not drama, — not germane, that is, to the emotional content of the play; but it is always art.

Hankin has fairly distanced Wilde in dialogue; for his characters do two things with singular excellence, an excellence superior to that exhibited by the irresponsible Wilde. Hankin's characters are perfectly self-contained, perfectly consistent, — both finely conceived and firmly grasped. Each new play exhibits strengthening of power in this particular — the power to create

characters who always speak and act “in character.” In the second place, Hankin's characters speak with a certain sharp neatness, a certain distinct finality, which means, in the last analysis, that they have the art of expressing themselves with an effectiveness and a pertinency more crystalline and more clairvoyant than the current speech of life. This is not the epigrammatic coruscation of Wilde, the dialectic shrewishness of Shaw; it is a very high form of artistic simplicity. The note of naturalness is enhanced, rather than vitiated, by the unusual skill in interpreting a given situation or in realizing a chosen mood.

In another respect, scarcely less noteworthy and modern, Hankin's plays represent the newer mode of expressing life through the medium of drama. He realized, as dramatists now must inevitably realize, that the drama is a form of art which must be presumed to be literature. To read a play of Hankin's is to have a sense of actual happening irrespective of the immediate categories of the theatre. There is no suggestion of the stage or of the player: we have only a sense of real people in real situations. By that I mean that in all respects, even to the minutest stage-directions, these plays are authentic projections, representations, of reality. The subconscious, instinctive feelings and accompaniments of action are not left to the none too ready imaginations of player or spectator. We are made to realize how people feel from being told, not only what the players say, but also how they act and react, intellectually and emotionally, from the dramatic conjunctures which actually arise. A single stage direction may give the clue at once to the actor and through the actor to the situation.

“GENERAL BONSOR [too broken with the world's ingratitude to protest further]. Boring! [Follows MISS TRIGGS, shaking his poor old head. There is a pause while we realize that one of the most tragic things in life is to be a bore — and to know it. MRS. EVERSLIGH, however, not being cursed with the gift of an imaginative sympathy, wastes no pity on the General. Instead of this she turns to her sister, and, metaphorically speaking, knocks her out of the ring.]”

This stage direction clearly supplies a certain convention for the newer drama. It has the virtue of enforcing the intent of the dramatist, too often missed through the inefficiency or unimaginativeness of the actors. Without pressing home the point too hard, it must be at least indicated that stage-directions, however artistic or however skilful in enforcing the desired effect, should remain impersonal. The printed play should be as realistic as fiction; imperfect

objectivity is the outcome of following Wilde's dictum that the drama should be "as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet." But the aim which Hankin kept before him, despite lapses into too obvious personalism, is an aim truly commendable: to interpret situations with refined art and wholly graphic effect.

Hankin's plays, imaginatively conceived, artistically executed, transfused with temperamental quality, delight through qualities which are not always, it must be acknowledged, intrinsically dramatic. The major situations of his plays seem scarcely worthy of the elaboration with which they are treated; and the characters seem not infrequently too thin to win our dignified attention. Even granting this, the plays have a curious sort of satiric effectiveness; and the characters, even when they do not excite our admiration, seldom fail to win our affectionate sympathy. The calculating dexterity of the mother in "The Cassilis Engagement," with its mixture of mercilessness and pity, has the memorable, the classic *timbre*. However much our feelings may protest against the sacrifice of Stella Faringford, in "The Return of the Prodigal," we ungrudgingly acknowledge that Eustace is and can be only what he is: the invertebrate, of intellectual shrewdness and moral impotence, taking the easiest way literally because he is honest with himself in the admission that he cannot successfully achieve self-sacrifice. The most beautiful and profound of the plays—the one provocative of deepest reflection—is "The Last of the De Mullins." The force and clarity of vision of Janet De Mullin are memorable and fortifying: we would love her if we but dared. The scene between Janet and her erstwhile lover, in its economy and inevitability, is truly great—only redeemed from the tragic through the vision and utter insight of the woman, compact of intuition without self-pity. The author of this play, had he lived, might have written one of the great dramas of the new century.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.*

When a man so active and busy as our strenuous ex-President snatches the time from other occupations to tell the story of his life, he is not likely to spend many hours in chewing the end of his pen-holder in search of apt phrases, elusive epithets, or the one supremely best word

that the professed stylist delights to run down and capture. Colonel Roosevelt's autobiography, which not unfittingly bears its writer's name as title, is thoroughly characteristic of the man; and the man himself is so well known to all the world that there would be something absurd as well as superfluous in offering a formal and extended review of the chapters wherein he rehearses the already familiar account of his boyhood, youth, early and later manhood, and the chief things he has accomplished in the great world of politics and public affairs. Parts of these chapters have already appeared in print, and much of the book as a whole has found expression, in one form or another, in some of the author's many utterances as writer and speaker. The vigor and directness for which he is justly admired show themselves in every sentence of his book; and if here and there a little more study of brevity or a little greater practice of restraint might have been desired, one must remember that it requires the leisure of the man of letters to achieve conciseness, and a modest reticence is incompatible with certain other qualities that have every right to demand recognition.

With the exception of a few most welcome chapters of a personal or "intimate" character—"Boyhood and Youth," "The Vigor of Life," "In Cowboy Land," and "Outdoors and Indoors"—the narrative deals chiefly with politics and policies as exemplified in the writer's public life and more or less connected with his administrative acts. Much of it is in the nature of an *apologia*, a word that might seem grotesquely inappropriate if put here in its English form. In defending, for example, his sending a telegram of sympathy to the widow of a prominent Pennsylvania politician, recently deceased, the author says:

"A paper which constantly preached reform, and which kept up its circulation by the no less constant practice of slander, a paper which in theory condemned all public men who violated the eighth commandment, and in practice subsisted by incessant violation of the ninth, assailed me for sending my message to the dead man's wife. I knew the editors of this paper, and the editor who was their predecessor. They had led lives of bodily ease and the avoidance of bodily risk; they earned their livelihood by the practice of mendacity for profit; and they delivered malignant judgment on a dead man who, whatever his faults, had in his youth freely risked his life for a great ideal, and who when death was already clutching his breast had spent almost his last breath on behalf of humble and friendless people whom he had served with disinterested loyalty."

As was to have been expected, the piquantly personal—and not always first-personal—element is not lacking in the book. References

*THEODORE ROOSEVELT. *An Autobiography*. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

to a successor who "means well feebly" are sufficiently frequent and full, and are not counterbalanced by earlier and friendlier reminiscences of the same person in other walks of public life. But there is no need here to dwell on the disputatious portions of the book. Those who have a taste for the controversial in literature will enjoy the chapters on "Practical Politics," "Applied Idealism," "The War of America the Unready," "The Presidency; Making an Old Party Progressive," and "The Big Stick and the Square Deal." Let us for the present cite a few illuminating passages of especial autobiographic interest, and then leave the rather bulky volume to those prepared to undertake the reading of it in its entirety. From the earlier pages dealing with the writer's education, the following is significant:

"I thoroughly enjoyed Harvard, and I am sure it did me good, but only in the general effect, for there was very little in my actual studies which helped me in after life. More than one of my own sons have already profited by their friendship with certain of their masters in school or college. I certainly profited by my friendship with one of my tutors, Mr. Cutler; and in Harvard I owed much to the professor of English, Mr. A. S. Hill. Doubtless through my own fault, I saw almost nothing of President Eliot and very little of the professors. I ought to have gained much more than I did gain from writing the themes and forensics. My failure to do so may have been partly due to my taking no interest in the subjects. Before I left Harvard I was already writing one or two chapters of a book I afterwards published on the Naval War of 1812. Those chapters were so dry that they would have made a dictionary seem light reading by comparison. Still, they represented purpose and serious interest on my part, not the perfunctory effort to do well enough to get a certain mark; and corrections of them by a skilled older man would have impressed me and have commanded my respectful attention."

With no expectation of entering public life, the young collegian neglected elocution and took no part in debate; and though this was a loss in one way, in another the author considers it a gain. He was not called upon to make the worse appear the better cause, and he now feels convinced that the present method of conducting college debates is injurious to the debaters. Only from conviction and in defense of principle would he have a young man make his voice heard in public argument.

Here is a pleasing picture of family life, from a later period of the writer's history. It has a literary and an educational interest that warrants its reproduction:

"There was also much training that came as a by-product and was perhaps almost as valuable—not as a substitute but as an addition. After their supper the children, when little, would come trotting up to their

mother's room to be read to, and it was always a surprise to me to notice the extremely varied reading which interested them, from Howard Pyle's 'Robin Hood,' Mary Alice Owen's 'Voodoo Tales,' and Joel Chandler Harris's 'Aaron in the Wild Woods,' to 'Lycidas' and 'King John.' If their mother was absent, I would try to act as vice-mother—a poor substitute, I fear—superintending the supper and reading aloud afterwards. The children did not wish me to read the books they desired their mother to read, and I usually took some such book as 'Hereward the Wake,' or 'Guy Mannerling,' or 'The Last of the Mohicans,' or else some story about a man-eating tiger, or a man-eating lion, from one of the hunting books in my library. These latter stories were always favorites, and as the authors told them in the first person, my interested auditors grew to know them by the name of the 'I' stories, and regarded them as adventures all of which happened to the same individual."

Colonel Roosevelt has wisely omitted from his present volume the African hunting episode, as that has already been fully related; but there is abundant matter left, and a considerable part of it has been relegated to fine-print appendices. There is also a wealth of graphic illustration, including many photographs and cartoons of especial interest. Emphatically and unmistakably the author has stamped himself on every page of his book, and no reader desiring a better acquaintance with him will be disappointed in this ample autobiography.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT IN PARIS AND ELSEWHERE.*

"I am an author of several sorts. I have various strings to my bow. And I know my business. I write half a million words a year." So, a decade ago, in an anonymous autobiographical skit, as entertaining a piece of work as he has ever turned out, declaimed Mr. Arnold Bennett.

In the years that have passed since then, Mr. Bennett has acquired an international reputation; his knowledge of his business, if it could not widen, has deepened immeasurably; but his indefatigable mental energy, his acute sensitiveness to all the tones and tints that life can show him, his poignant pleasure in self-expression, have abated not one whit. He is still, from choice, "an author of several sorts." Thus, the youthful whimsicality of "The Grand Babylon Hotel" has been matched in this present year of discreet middle-age by the amusing extravagances of "The Old Adam." And, because

*PARIS NIGHTS and Other Impressions of Places and People. By Arnold Bennett. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co.

many of his most interesting ideas and experiences cannot be utilized in a novel or staged in a play, Mr. Bennett still continues the practice of journalism.

Glorified journalism it is, to be sure; not the hard-driving monopoly of his best hours with which he began his literary adventure. Even to the most perfunctory of it, Mr. Bennett, out of his abounding energy, brings a zestful cleverness that redeems it from commonplace. Those frankly manufactured reminiscences of his American tour, for instance, were picturesque and brilliant, though lacking in any depth of conviction. And in the best of his fugitive sketches,—the pastels of London life, for example, that for some weeks, not long ago, constituted a series of particularly delightful columns in the London "Nation,"—Mr. Bennett shows the high gifts of subtle analysis, imaginative illumination, and critical irony that give distinction to his best work.

About fifty of these occasional sketches, many very good and some decidedly mediocre, have been chosen from the output of some seven years, and gathered into a volume entitled "Paris Nights and Other Impressions of Places and People." It is a decidedly bulky volume; large type and thick paper, and wide margins, with many illustrations, all casual and some very charming, by Mr. E. A. Rickards, make a setting somewhat too pretentious to suit the airy, unpretentious, unpremeditated notations to which Mr. Bennett was inspired by various contacts and experiences at home and abroad.

Mr. Bennett's genius is unfailing in the matter of titles. "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" was suggestive enough to throw a glamour over the essential obviousness of some excellent ideas about the saving of time. "Clayhanger," again, vaguely connotes symbols and mysteries, investing an unprepossessing hero with a curious significance. And so "Paris Nights" evokes a thrill, hinting at passionate gaiety in high relief against sombre shadow; at concentrated drama, swiftly played and cynically ended, only to be perpetually renewed; at shining romance rubbing shoulders with sordid misery. "Paris Nights," in short, may be paraphrased as a conventional designation for life at its highest pitch. And it is exactly that of which Mr. Bennett writes; only for him the special value, the titillating charm of life, lies largely in being able to pluck it in unexpected places, in dim recesses, in experiences that the average man accepts calmly as utterly banal and unmeaning.

In Paris, for example, Mr. Bennett spends one of his significant evenings dining with a family of rich and stupid *bourgeois*. "Curious existence!" is his final comment on their dull, contented, unthinking, perfectly ordered, expensive round of living; and thus from their impossible self-satisfaction he extracts a certain characteristic interest.

His "Artistic Evening" has all the elements with which he loves best to dally.

"The first invitation I ever received into a purely Parisian interior might have been copied out of a novel by Paul Bourget. Its lure was thus phrased: '*Un peu de musique et d'agréables femmes*.' It answered to my inward vision of Paris. My experiences in London, which fifteen years earlier I had entered with my mouth open as I might have entered some city of Oriental romance, had, of course, done little to destroy my illusions about Paris, for the ingenuousness of the artist is happily indestructible. Hence, my inward vision of Paris was romantic, based on the belief that Paris was essentially 'different.' Nothing more banal in London than a 'little music,' or even 'some agreeable women'! But what a difference between a little music and *un peu de musique*! What an exciting difference between agreeable women and *agréables femmes*! After all, this difference remains nearly intact to this day."

Such distinctions delight the indestructible ingenuousness of Mr. Bennett's artistic soul. Generally he contrives that they shall delight his readers. There is nothing recondite about this final analysis of the glitter of a great London restaurant; one has felt it all before in a way, but not articulately:

"This is a fearful and romantic place. The romance of it rises grandiosely storey beyond storey. . . . And the most romantic and impressive thing about it all is the invisible secret thoughts, beneath the specious bravery, of the uncountable multitude gathered together under the spell of the brains that invented the organism. Can you not look through the transparent faces of the young men with fine waistcoats and neglected boots, and of the young women with concocted hats and insecure gay blouses, and of the waiters whose memories are full of Swiss mountains and Italian lakes and German beer gardens, and of the violinist who was proclaimed a Kubelik at the Conservatoire and who now is carelessly pronounced 'jolly good' by eaters of beefsteaks? Can you not look through and see the wonderful secret preoccupations? If so, you can also pierce walls and floors, and see clearly into the souls of the cooks and the sub-cooks, and the cellar-men, and the commissionaires in the rain, and the washers-up. They are all there, including the human beings with loves and ambitions who never do anything for ever and ever but wash up. . . . The place is grandiose and imposing; it has the dazzle of extreme success; but when you have stared it down it is wistful enough to make you cry."

Swiss hotels and Florentine pensions, Italian opera, the roll of an Isle of Man steamboat, the superiority of Manchester, system-playing at Monte Carlo, the forest of Fontainebleau and its villages, the British home, the Russian ballet-

dancers,—these give a fair indication of the variety of Mr. Bennett's inspiration. None of his impressions are profoundly important. Sometimes the "indestructible ingenuousness of the artist" seems a bit over-done, degenerating into mere pose. But generally Mr. Bennett's comment is vivacious, provocative, alert to modern issues, investing the casual encounters of everyday living with that fresh interest and charm with which it is the function of the artist to supply them. EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

I.

AMERICAN TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Across the continent and back again the unreluctant reader is carried by Mr. Robert Haven Schaffner in his volume entitled "Romantic America" (Century Co.), a work that "hopes to appeal alike to the traveler and the stay-at-home," and that "would persuade the young victim of *Wanderlust* to see America first, and the veteran wanderer to see America last." Successive scenes are thrown on the ample page of the royal octavo, from Provincetown at the tip end of Cape Cod to the missions of southern California, and from the Yosemite Valley and the Grand Canyon to the rugged shores of Maine, with passing glimpses of Old Virginia, of Pittsburgh ("the city of beautiful smoke"), of Mammoth Cave and Yellowstone Park and the Creole city of New Orleans. Indeed, it is more than a glimpse that one gets of these different places. The writer's narrative and description are full and vivid, and the numerous full-page plates—the work of such artists as Mr. Maxfield Parrish, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. Harry Fenn, Mr. Winslow Homer, Mr. André Castaigne, and Mr. George Inness—ably second the author's endeavors to transport his readers to the scenes depicted. The frontispiece presents in different shades of orange and blue the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; while the other plates, each delicately tinted, show stretches of landscape, bits of city life, scenes of industrial activity, curious old buildings, seaside views, and so on, in rich variety and profusion. In both conception and execution the work is of no ordinary character.

To study the Mackenzie River Eskimo in his native habitat and under conditions that would make the Eskimo unconscious of being studied was the happily fulfilled purpose of Mr. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson in his second Arctic expedition of 1908-12, in which the failure of the expedition's schooner to pick him up at Herschel Island, whither he had proceeded overland, left him, as he explains, "two hundred miles north of the polar circle, with a summer suit of clothing, a camera, some notebooks, a rifle, and about two hundred rounds of ammunition, facing an Arctic winter, where my only shelter would have to be the roof of some hospitable Eskimo

house." And these, he declares, were ideal conditions, and his loneliness and poverty constituted his greatest advantage. An exploring anthropologist of that temper of mind is likely to accomplish something worth while and to contribute to the sum of human knowledge. Not only the Mackenzie River natives, but those of Victoria Island, remarkable for their blond complexions, and other tribes, were studied by Mr. Stefánsson, whose book, "My Life with the Eskimo" (Macmillan), gives a full account of his strange experiences. A "Report on the Natural History Collections of the Expedition," by Dr. Rudolph Martin Anderson, is added, with maps and an index. Numerous illustrations, chiefly from photographs, are also supplied. Though no north poles are encountered, the chronicle gives ample proof that other interesting things are not lacking in those distant latitudes.

If one wishes to read about the beautiful Blue-ridge Mountains, the Appalachian National Park, which is now taking shape, the scenic attractions of Asheville and its neighborhood, the speech and peculiarities of the North Carolina mountaineers, the ways of the law-defying "moonshiner," the genesis of sorghum molasses, and other kindred matters of not exactly every-day familiarity, the book to read is Miss Margaret W. Morley's full and well-illustrated work on "The Carolina Mountains" (Houghton). Herself a resident of the region depicted, and of proved skill in writing about nature and the denizens of field and forest, Miss Morley shows herself thoroughly at home in the scenes and among the primitive people she has chosen to describe. A veritable paradise, she assures us, opens before the visitor to this little-frequented part of our country. "As finally you approach the mountains that form the western end of North Carolina, you catch glimpses of heights so divinely blue that you seem about to enter some dream world through their magical portals." A water-color view of these mountains is supplied as frontispiece, and another appears on the cover; and a map is given at the end of the book. The many and good uncolored illustrations are from photographs taken by the author.

Mr. Ernest Peixotto is well equipped for the production of such a book of travel and description and graphic illustration as "Pacific Shores from Panama" (Scribner). The approaching completion of the Panama Canal will open a way for winter tourists down the little-visited west coast of South America, and such books as this from Mr. Peixotto's pen will become much more common than at present. Just now this volume is something of a pioneer in its field, and is sure to attract attention by its novelty, to say nothing of its other merits. Peru and its wonders as the ancient domain of the Incas, with a brief glimpse of Bolivia and some passing calls at points of interest in the northward voyage from Panama, furnish the substance of the volume. The author's well-known skill as an artist is exhibited in many an exquisite drawing to accompany the work of his pen. So much excellence of

more than one sort is seldom included within a single book of travel. A gorgeous but not inappropriate cover-design distinguishes the volume.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's manner of describing and photographically illustrating the highways and byways of various parts of our country is now so well and so favorably known as to make necessary only a brief notice of his latest achievement in this sort. "Highways and Byways from the St. Lawrence to Virginia" (Macmillan) is published as number six of the series, and conducts the reader through the states of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, New York, and Virginia, and also into the District of Columbia, the Adirondack region being the nearest approach to the river named in the title. As in the other volumes of the series, local color, local idioms, local human nature, give life and variety to the successive chapters, and the illustrations are well chosen and of high quality.

FOREIGN TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Of a richness like that which distinguished his book on the Holy Land is Mr. Robert Hichens's sumptuous volume on "The Near East" (Century Co.), presenting in six leisurely chapters the chief attractions (to a seeker of the picturesque, the striking, the characteristic) of Dalmatia, Athens and the surrounding country, and Constantinople. The writer's descriptive powers are now well known, and are at their best in placing before the reader such matchless scenes as the view from the Acropolis on a fair summer day, or in rendering with a few strokes the strange sights of the Turkish capital. Of the first-named he says: "Very pure, very perfect, is this great view. Nature here seems purged of all excesses, and even nature in certain places can look almost theatrical, though never in Greece. The sea shines with gold, is decked with marvellous purple, glimmers afar with silver, fades into the color of shadow. The shapes of the mountains are as serene as the shapes of Greek statues." In a later stage of his eastern journey, and in another mood, he writes: "Pera has all that is odious of the Levant: impudence, ostentation, slyness, indelicacy, uproar, a glittering commonness. It is like a blazing ring of imitation diamonds squeezing a fat and dirty finger." Eighteen orientally brilliant paintings by Mr. Jules Guérin, with a much greater number of photographs, have contributed to the illustration of the book, which is a royal octavo in form, with beautiful print, wide margins, and handsome binding.

One memorable Saturday afternoon, in the Mercantile Library, Baltimore, a lad of seventeen, looking up from his book, beheld the distinguished author of "Vanity Fair," and has ever since cherished the remembrance of that massive head and pink face, and those bespectacled eyes. The lad was F. Hopkinson Smith, who now, many years later, reverts fondly to the occasion in his introduction to a series of illustrated chapters which bear the title, "In

Thackeray's London" (Doubleday). With both pen and pencil he pictures some of the haunts frequented by the great novelist, choosing first of all those associated with Colonel Newcome, a prime favorite with Mr. Smith. Thus we have both an exterior and an interior view of the Colonel's rooms, and following these are glimpses of Grey Friars, Smithfield Market, Staple Inn, Berkeley Square, St. George's Church in Hanover Square, the Cock Tavern, Lamb Court, London Bridge, and so on, to the number of one-and-twenty excellent drawings accompanied by hardly less excellent chat on the themes they suggest. The volume is of quarto size, printed in large type, and durably bound in cloth.

Mr. Howells's recent sight-seeing in Spain has furnished entertainment to readers of "Harper's Monthly," and his pleasant remembrances of that outing are now gathered into a volume entitled "Familiar Spanish Travels" (Harper) — familiar because the ordinary tourist route seems to have been followed, with no side trips into the unknown. Thus the author's pen confines itself to picturing the things seen at Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Valladolid, and other easily-accessible and often-visited places. But to view these scenes through Mr. Howells's eyes is a privilege to be prized by his readers. The genial philosophy of a mellow maturity pervades the book, and its pages reveal the author at his best. Of its many illustrations, some are the exquisite work of Mr. Norman Irving Black, and one of peculiar charm bears the signature of Mr. Walter Hale; the others are from photographs. A pleasing and appropriate design adorns the cover, and an "Argument" in verse, from Mr. Howells's pen, is printed on the wrapper.

Miss Lilian Whiting's "Athens the Violet-Crowned" (Little, Brown & Co.) is written in that pleasing manner which has won so many readers for her score or more of other books, from "The World Beautiful" to her study of the Brownings. Sensitiveness to beauty, and a faculty for discovering it in the things about her, give her writings a bright and cheerful and optimistic tone that renders them not inappropriate as Christmas gifts and not unsuited to Christmas reading. Her present volume is especially enjoyable and informing in its description of things seen by the writer herself in the Athens of to-day, though passages on the older Athens are not lacking. An account of the archaeological schools established at different times in the Greek capital, and a short chapter on contemporary Greek literature, contain in brief space some facts of interest. Her treatment of the literature and arts of ancient Greece is necessarily of a cursory nature. A short chapter on "Ethical Poetry of Greece" contains fragments from noteworthy English versions of Greek poets, and in her running comment Miss Whiting takes occasion to inform her readers that "the traditional counsel to 'Count no man happy till he dies,' is condensed from a passage in the *Edipus Tyrannus*," a translation of

which is added. Has she forgotten Solon's famous reply to Croesus, long before Sophocles was born? The book is well and profusely illustrated from photographs.

"On the first day of May, 1911, we began our exploration of the 'Scott Country.' I say *we*, because I was accompanied by the companion of a much longer journey, of which that year was the twenty-fifth milestone." Thus begins "The Country of Sir Walter Scott" (Houghton), by Mr. Charles S. Oleott, who three years ago gave us a good book on the scenes and characters of George Eliot's novels. After an introduction and a biographical chapter, the author takes up Scott's chief works in the order of their writing, and brings together the pertinent facts of geography and history, with other and more personal items of interest, adding also a great number of fine full-page views of historic scenes and beautiful landscapes from his own camera. The Raeburn portrait of Scott serves as frontispiece. With a final chapter entitled "A Successful Life," and a full index, the book comes to an end.

The tone and spirit of Mr. Oliver Huckel's "Through England with Tennyson" (Crowell) distinguish it from most travel books of its kind, in that the journey in this instance seems not to have been undertaken primarily for book-making purposes, but out of an earnest desire to see the places once so familiar to the traveller's favorite poet, and to tread the ground once pressed by that poet's foot. Mr. Huckel's descriptions of Tennyson's haunts and homes, in Lincolnshire, in the Isle of Wight, and among the Surrey hills, are agreeably interspersed with anecdote, reminiscence, quotation, and ever and anon a glimpse of his travelling companions, the Lady and the Laddies, and of the incidental happenings by the way. A map and numerous views and portraits, with a list of Tennysonian poems connected with the places visited, and a concluding index, round out this attractive and instructive volume.

Subjects in plenty for historical research and for readable description have been found by Miss Ella Noyes in the rolling plain about Salisbury, in the famous cathedral of that city, in the city itself, in the stones that propound their riddle to every visitor to Stonehenge, in Old Sarum and Wilton and Wilebyourn, in the Avon valley, the roads that traverse the plain and the villages that sprinkle it. "Salisbury Plain: Its Stones, Cathedral, City, Villages, and Folk" (Dutton) presents the results of long and loving study on the part of one who evidently knows every nook and corner of the region dealt with, knows its history and legends, its people and its customs, its natural beauties and its features of interest due to the hand of man. Miss Dora Noyes has illustrated the book with delicately pleasing colored drawings and equally graceful line sketches—both in abundance, and of more than ordinary artistic merit. Literary and historic associations make the region, and hence the book, memorable to every intelligent reader.

"A Stained Glass Tour in Italy" (Lane), by Mr. Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, enjoys the advantage of having a title rather out of the ordinary, and the kind of promenade on which it takes the reader is not exactly of an every-day sort. The beauties of stained glass windows are studied in successive Italian cities,—Rome, Orvieto, Perugia, Assisi, and so on, to Milan and Pavia, not omitting Florence and Pisa and Siena and Venice. Illustrations in plenty help out the verbal descriptions, but no attempt has been made to reproduce in color the glories that inspire the writer's pen—perhaps because such attempt was sure to disappoint. The technicalities of the subject are but cursorily treated, as the book is evidently intended for general reading, as are the same author's similar works relating to France and England.

Forest-lovers will enjoy Mr. Arthur O. Cooke's fine volume, "The Forest of Dean" (Dutton), with its graphic descriptions of things to be seen in the great Crown woodland lying between the Severn and the Wye in Gloucestershire, and also of other scenically or historically noteworthy places that were formerly within the limits of the Forest, but now outside. Walks and talks with the foresters are agreeably reported, a multitude of matters relating to forestry, to local history, to the people and the industries of the region, are mentioned in passing, and every now and then a pencil sketch or a colored drawing is introduced to give point and fuller meaning to the narrative or description. If the reader wishes additional information as to the Forest's history, he is referred to H. G. Nicholls's "Historical and Descriptive Account," published half a century ago.

An amusing preface in the form of an imaginary conversation between publisher and author explains the plan and purpose of Mr. Frankfort Somerville's book, "The Spirit of Paris" (Macmillan). The author attempts to seize and embody in his pages something of the *je ne sais quoi* that makes the French capital so irresistibly fascinating to all the world. Description, narrative, dialogue, anecdote, and, not least of all, colored drawings by Messrs. Fraipont, Gautier, Kirchner, and others, contribute in their several ways to the production of some such effect as an actual visit to Paris and a mingling with its light-hearted, pleasure-loving, quick-witted populace might produce. Parisian amusements, costume, cooking, Parisian theatres, fêtes, cafés, the races, the artists, the typical Parisienne, Americans in Paris, with much beside, give liveliness and variety to Mr. Somerville's chapters. Some of the colored drawings are remarkably good, others not so good, but all in accord with "the spirit of Paris."

With a camera, a motor-car (even a hired one), and a fairly abundant supply of ready money, one can in a few days of assiduous touring collect material for an entertaining and plentifully illustrated book of travel. "Old Countries Discovered Anew" (Estes) gives in bright and rather novel form Mr. Ernest Talbert's experiences in a family flight by

automobile through parts of Holland, Germany, and France, in a few weeks of early summer. Many curious and little-frequented scenes were visited, local history and photographed views were gathered for the prospective volume, and on the whole a rollicking good time seems to have been enjoyed. Much useful information for future auto-tourists is furnished, with earnest advice to hire rather than transport over-seas the needed automobile. A map, appendix, special index of practical matters, general index, and seventy-one illustrations, including a colored frontispiece, are a part of the book's handsome equipment.

Mr. Henry C. Shelley's assiduous pen gives us a small and useful volume on "Shakespeare and Stratford" (Little, Brown & Co.), which points out agreeably and with sufficient erudition the places of Shakespearean interest in the Warwickshire town, and presents them to the eye in illustrations from photographs taken by the author. In connection with the so-called birthplace of the poet, the reader is duly advised of the serious doubt as to its being really the birthplace, and of the claims of the so-called Brook House, no longer standing, to the honor in question. Chapters on New Place, on the Stratford church, the town, and the eight neighboring hamlets known as the Shakespeare villages, make up, with a few pages of notes for tourists, the rest of the book.

A new edition of Mr. W. J. Loftie's excellent historical and descriptive account of Westminster Abbey is offered through the J. B. Lippincott Co. In addition to the colored frontispiece, the reproductions of old prints, and the illustrations from photographs, there are many fine drawings of especially interesting parts of the Abbey from the skilled hand of Mr. Herbert Railton. A fuller index might have been made for the book's three hundred and sixteen compact pages of varied information, instead of the meagre performance that now completes the book. Mr. Loftie's chapters on the monuments, the epitaphs, and the heraldry of the Abbey, as also that on the Poet's Corner, and that on royal coronations, make the work both useful to the tourist and interesting to the arm-chair reader.

HOLIDAY EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Like each of his four previous volumes from Thoreau's works, Mr. Clifton Johnson's edition of sundry selections grouped under the title "Excursions" (Crowell) has thirty-three illustrations from his camera, chiefly views taken here and there in the Thoreau country, as we may call Concord and the neighborhood most frequented by the naturalist. Emerson's biographical sketch of his famous fellow-townsmen opens the book, and is followed by Thoreau's notes on certain Massachusetts natural-history reports that appeared about 1842, his description of a walk to Mt. Wachusett, his short paper on "The Landlord," another describing a

winter walk, his address before the Middlesex Agricultural Society on "The Succession of Forest Trees," considerable passages of his in praise of walking, others relating to the splendors of autumn foliage, his well-known chapter on wild apples, and, finally, some observations on night and moonlight. Indication of the exact source of these selections is often wanting; also, the pictures, beautiful and generally appropriate as they are, have seldom a close connection with the reading matter. Nevertheless it is a well-planned, well-executed, and very attractive book, beautifully bound and suitably boxed.

New books of travel appear and disappear, but Kinglake's "Eothen," first published sixty-nine years ago, reappears in edition after edition, usually with a diminishing interval between each later edition and its successor. In England alone, nineteen editions had been issued between 1844 and 1910, and the twentieth, which makes its appeal to American purchasers through the J. B. Lippincott Co., is now on the market. An appreciative introduction by Mr. S. L. Benson prefaces the book, and some gorgeously oriental colored plates, by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, with smaller drawings from the same hand as chapter-headings, enliven its pages. Kinglake was a pioneer in eastern travel, and his braving of its dangers and hardships was no *train-de-luxe* or motor-car tour. That journey of his into the unknown Near East of 1835 was an adventure well worth recording; and the record will live.

The yearly reprints from Jefferies and Gilbert White and Thoreau attest the unflagging interest of the reading public in those gifted interpreters of nature. "The Story of My Heart," that wonderful mingling of spiritual autobiography and impassioned nature-study and wide-ranging speculation, appears this year in a new and fitting dress, with eight beautifully drawn and almost as satisfactorily colored illustrations by E. W. Waite. The letters from Jefferies to Longman, his publisher, leading up to the publication of the book, also his analysis of the work as given in the publisher's "Notes on Books" of November 30, 1883, are prefixed to the present edition, together with an anonymous "foreword" of the briefest sort. In all the particulars of its form and appearance, this reissue of a favorite classic is everything that could be desired. A box protects the book's ornamental binding. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Jungle Book" seems to be the most enduringly popular, or one might say the most increasingly popular, of Mr. Kipling's works, with young readers, as well as many older ones; and its circulation will be further enlarged by this season's issue of an edition having sixteen full-page illustrations of tropical luxuriance in their color-effects, designed by Messrs. Maurice and Edward Detmold. Uncolored drawings introduce the several chapters, and each page is bordered with representations of jungle foliage in light green. Similar decorations adorn the end leaves, and a cover design in gold and three shades of green presents in still another form the beauty

and charm of the jungle. A splendid setting is this for the fortunes of Mowgli and his four-footed friends. (Century Co.)

So good a story as "Tom Brown's School Days" can well bear occasional re-issuing. A handsome edition, furnished with interesting historical and biographical comment, and provided with illustrations from various sources, including, of course, portraits of Thomas Hughes and Dr. Arnold, takes its place among the more important reprints of the season. Lord Kilbracken, an old Rugbyian, contributes a short preface, and Mr. F. Sidgwick writes an extended introduction. Both the camera and the pencil furnish illustrations in profusion, and the cover-design shows a view of the school buildings. It is indeed an elaborate and tasteful form that the famous story now assumes. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In a rich volume of spacious dimensions and bearing the title, "Tales from Washington Irving's Traveller" (Lippincott), are gathered a baker's dozen of the immortal stories of "Geoffrey Crayon," with nearly as many large colored plates, the work of Mr. George Hood. Typography, paper, and binding are all in harmony with the general design of the book, and the vivid and variegated hues of the illustrations also accord not badly with the spirit of romance pervading the volume. The work will commend itself to lovers of what is striking and at the same time not too gaudy in book-manufacture.

The striking illustrations, oriental in their rich coloring, which made Mr. Willy Pogány's edition of Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát* a memorable work a few years ago, are all reproduced without change in the less expensive reprint of the book now offered by its publishers (Crowell Co.) and certainly worthy of a large sale. The version is of course FitzGerald's, in which one is glad to see the earlier and more admirable opening, "Awake! for morning in the bowl of night," etc. Tinted paper, graceful border-designs, a text imitating in general appearance the Persian original (not the Arabic, as the publishers announce), a beautiful binding, and, above all, the twenty-four full-page illustrations, combine to make this an artistically satisfying edition.

Two tasteful volumes in white covers of parchment-like appearance, delicately ornamented, are devoted to the more pleasing of Shakespeare's songs, sixteen in number, and to a selection (fifteen) from the sonnets. Ornamental text, illuminated initials and borders and vignettes are the handiwork of Miss Edith A. Ibbs. Each page is a separate work of art; there are no repeated designs, and the whole effect is most pleasing. As gifts to and from persons of discrimination, these little books will be appreciated. (Dutton.)

HOLIDAY ART BOOKS.

Bringing to his task a devout and appreciative spirit, the late John La Farge executed a remarkable piece of work in "The Gospel Story in Art" (Macmillan), the final product of his genius, and one that he had planned many years before it was ac-

ually carried through. Born and reared in the older faith of Christendom, as we are reminded by the author's close friend who prefaces the book, Mr. La Farge was in thorough sympathy with his subject, and also, of course, amply equipped with the technical knowledge necessary for its satisfactory treatment. Beginning with characters and events antedating the gospel story, he weaves his discourse about the great works of sacred art, from Raphael's "Heliodorus" to Bordone's "Pentecost," with reproductions of these masterpieces to the number of eighty, in full-page plates, delicately tinted. A few last touches have been given to the work by the editor, but virtually it is all as the author himself left it when death stayed his hand. The narrative and comment make nineteen chapters, which fill more than four hundred quarto pages. An illuminated design of great beauty adorns the cover, and the book is suitably boxed. A more acceptable Christmas gift to one qualified to appreciate it could not easily be imagined.

Evolution in household furniture during the first two centuries of American history becomes a fascinating study as treated by Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood in his "Colonial Furniture in America" (Scribner), which now, eleven years after its first appearance, is expanded into two massive quarto volumes with eight hundred and sixty-seven illustrations of representative pieces. In fact, so much new material has been discovered by the author that he has felt it necessary to rewrite his book throughout, so that the much enlarged work is now virtually a new treatise, and its several chapters as exhaustive as they could well be made without becoming too technical for general interest. After an introductory sketch of the origin and character of our early furniture, the author begins the body of his work with chapters on chests and chests of drawers, passing in logical sequence to cupboards and sideboards, thence to desks and writing-tables, and closing his first volume with looking-glasses. Volume two treats of chairs, settees, couches, and sofas, tables, bedsteads, and clocks. How the rude pine chest mounts through all the spires of form to the carved mahogany dressing-table of exquisite Chippendale design, and how the severely plain settle becomes elaborated into the gracefully ornamented settee and the luxurious couch, may be traced in Mr. Lockwood's graphic pages with their lavish accompaniment of excellent half-tones. The ideal that at last successfully got itself realized was the production of furniture combining a minimum of material with a maximum of grace, and at the same time having due regard to strength and serviceability. The attainment of this ideal coincides pretty nearly with the close of our colonial period, so that the study of colonial furniture has a certain completeness in itself that gives an added satisfaction to its pursuit. Incidentally there is much political and religious history to be read in the lines of an old rush-bottomed chair or oak bedstead or grandfather's clock. The Plymouth settlers' years

of residence in Holland were attested in such simple articles of furniture as they brought with them to the New World, and the Puritan emigrants from the west of England also carried with them similar evidences of their former place of habitation and more prosperous mode of life. Indeed, it is in New England that the author has found the most abundant and the most interesting examples of early furniture, while the South, he says, "is woefully lacking in any pieces prior to the mahogany period, although the inventories show that such pieces existed more abundantly there even than in the North." The causes of this dearth might not be very difficult to trace. In preparing his work, Mr. Lockwood seems to have ransacked most of the available sources of information, examined the principal collections, and pushed his researches wherever there was promise of a valuable discovery. An owner's unwillingness to let photographs be taken of his treasures has sometimes balked him in part, but the result of his labors is, on the whole, highly satisfactory.

Mr. Seymour de Ricci's study of "Louis XVI. Furniture" (Putnam) is a quarto of sumptuous appearance, comprising chiefly full-page plates and smaller illustrations, picturing the grace and charm of the tables, chairs, mantel-pieces, bedsteads, mural carving, and so on, that are associated with the name of the monarch whose reign came to so dire an end with the outbreak of the French Revolution. A short account of the origin and rise of the Louis Seize style precedes the rich collection of photographic representations of typical examples, and in the course of this brief treatise the author maintains that the culmination of the style was reached considerably earlier than is commonly supposed, or at about the close of the reign of Louis XV. The illustrations, covering two hundred and fifty-six large pages, furnish a feast to the eye of him who loves beauty of form and wealth of ornamentation in the appointments of a room. Such rich collections as those of the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, Paris, and the Kunstgewerbe-Museum, Berlin, as well as many private collections, have been drawn upon for typical examples. Art students and collectors will find the book of great value, and hardly anyone can turn its pages without enjoyment and instruction.

NATURE AND OUT-DOOR LIFE.

Fourteen papers, "written in many moods, and in many places, during the past half-dozen years," and originally published in various magazines, are collected by Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton in a volume entitled "Barn Doors and Byways" (Small, Maynard & Co.), which with deft strokes of pen and pencil and brush opens to view a variety of scenes chiefly in rural New England, with a few Southern vistas to mark a contrast. Two papers—one on "Wild Life in New York" (city, not state), and the other entitled "Washington Square: A Meditation"—are of a slightly urban character,

though even here the things seen are things suggestive of the country. For example: "The spring hats this year are wonderful affairs—an acre sown with flowers. Beyond the fountain one of the green 'busses rolled by, its top loaded with sight-seers, and the hats of the women made it a gay garden in transit down the Avenue." Even the sky-scrapers suggest mountain scenery and are spoken of as an "Andean pile." Tasteful full-page plates in tint, with smaller black-and-white drawings as decorative headings to the successive chapters, are supplied by Mr. Walter King Stone.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has long ago proved that he can see with his eyes and draw with his hand and reason with his brain. In his "Wild Animals at Home" (Doubleday) there is much sketching and photographing of untamed creatures in their native haunts, and admirable discourse concerning them. In the Yellowstone Park and elsewhere in the great West the author has carried on the nature-studies now reduced to writing and presented in twelve enjoyable chapters with a wealth of illustrations. The coyote, the prairie-dog, the famous fur-bearers, the swift runners, the squirrel and the rabbit, and other wild animals, are intimately interviewed by this skilled reporter of the forest and the field; and what he has to say, combined with his manner of saying it, is not likely to disappoint. Humor of a choice kind speaks in both the printed page and in the accompanying marginal sketches, while the half-tone plates have the soberer excellences of such products of the illustrator's art. Human nature is not neglected in the author's studies; animals were not the sole living beings he encountered. Mrs. Seton furnishes an original and appropriate cover design, and has otherwise assisted in the preparation of the book.

It is evident that no expense has been spared in the preparation of Mr. H. Inigo Triggs's "Garden Craft in Europe" (Scribner), a handsome quarto abounding in reproductions of old engravings, paintings, illuminations, and of photographs from nature. Having published ten years ago a work on "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland," Mr. Triggs here confines his attention chiefly to the Continent, and especially to France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, and the Netherlands. Russia and Scandinavia have not greatly distinguished themselves in landscape gardening. After two necessarily short chapters on ancient and mediæval gardens, the author lavishes his resources on the garden craft of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. *Le Nôtre* and the triumphs of his art at Versailles naturally claim extended notice, and it is *Le Nôtre's* portrait that serves as appropriate frontispiece to the volume. The final chapter deals with "The English Landscape School and its Influence on the Continent." A ten-page bibliography gives a list of nearly two hundred and forty special works on garden design, and a full index to text and illustrations closes the volume.

Mr. David Grayson, fearing that his farm and his live-stock and the rest of his worldly possessions were beginning to own him, rather than to be owned by him, broke loose from them one day and ran away, or walked away, out over the inviting ribbon of road that stretched alluringly into the romantic unknown. The story of his adventures is told by him in a book called "The Friendly Road" (Doubleday). As a dusty pedestrian, and often regarded as not much better than a tramp, the author met with sundry experiences of suggestiveness and value, the result, he says, of "coming up to life from underneath; of being taken for less than I am rather than for more than I am." This was refreshing after those long and weary earlier years of trying to keep in proper position a sort of dummy that he had set up and striven to make appear as he imagined the man bearing his name ought to appear in the eyes of the world. As in his "Adventures in Contentment" and "Adventures in Friendship," the writer here comes close to the real things and the only things that matter in life. "New Adventures in Contentment" is the book's appropriate sub-title. Mr. Thomas Fogarty illustrates it well and generously, both in color and in black-and-white.

A set of strikingly beautiful views of Williamstown, Massachusetts, and its surroundings, not omitting the more important college buildings, serves as a fitting frame for a half-dozen nature poems by Professor George Lansing Raymond, introduced by an appreciative preface from the pen of Dr. Marion Mills Miller. "The Mountains about Williamstown" is the book's title, and Greylock, West Mountain, and Berlin Mountain are especially celebrated in the poems. Ford's Glen gives its name to another, while the remaining two are entitled "A Woodland Reverie" and "Amid the Mountains." They are all in ten-syllable verse, usually unrhymed, and hence a little monotonous in effect, though full of high feeling. The thirty-three full-page plates are excellent, and the scenes they represent well chosen by the poet and his assistants at the camera. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In "The Four Seasons" (Dodd), a poetic apologue by Herr Carl Ewald, translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, the seasons are represented as great and powerful princes who divide the year among themselves and then proceed to exhibit their prowess and might, each in characteristic fashion, with birds and beasts and plants and trees as minor characters in the wonderful drama. Frequent songs, turned into English by Mr. Osman Edwards, give pleasing variety to the story, and the whole is tastefully printed with decorative page-borders and a suitable frontispiece.

RECORDS OF THE PAST.

In "The Story of Harvard" (Little, Brown & Co.) is presented a conveniently succinct account of our oldest university by one of her graduates, Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, of the class of 1895. Those who have read Mr. Pier's early novel, that

vivid and amusing story of the Harvard Summer School, "The Pedagogues," will be prepared to find him handling with a light touch and a pleasant humor certain aspects of Harvard history and Harvard life. Notably do these graces of style blossom forth in his opening chapter, wherein are depicted the experiences and sensations of a graduate of twenty years ago upon revisiting his old haunts, now so changed, and in the closing chapter, which is entitled "Freshman and Senior." In the body of the book are gathered the main facts of Harvard's history, drawn largely from such standard authorities as Peirce and Quincy and Peabody, with occasional suggestions and quotations from other sources, to all of whom indebtedness is duly acknowledged. Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey has made sixteen pencil drawings, pleasing and appropriate, to accompany the reading matter, and both binding and box are embellished with the depiction of a familiar Harvard building.

The hackneyed term, a "human document," will suggest itself to readers of "A Woman Rice Planter" (Macmillan) as the best brief description of the vivid though quiet and unpretending pages of that remarkable narrative. Mrs. Patience Pennington tells in the form of a diary the story of her struggle to carry on a large rice plantation on the South Carolina coast, a struggle heroic in its nature, though so simply and modestly and un-self-consciously narrated that a careless reader would never suspect half of what is to be read between the lines. Death and other misfortunes had left on her shoulders a burden such as a strong man might have sunk beneath; and the courage and spirit, as well as the quiet humor and infinite patience and self-control, revealed in her pages, are qualities beyond a hurried reviewer's powers to do justice to. Mr. Owen Wister introduces the book with a few paragraphs of cordial commendation, and a sympathetic artist illustrates it with drawings redolent of the South. The previous serial appearance of the work in the New York "Sun" is a voucher, if such were needed, for its readable quality.

As is remarked in the preface to "The Romance of the American Theatre" (Little, Brown & Co.), by Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, there exists no complete history of the stage in this country, though scores of pens have written entertainingly about it. To these scattered chapters Miss Crawford makes a notable contribution in her ample sheaf of memories gleaned from many sources and extending from Nance Oldfield and Peg Woffington (whose connection with the American theatre is certainly not close) to Miss Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske and Mr. John Drew and other stars of the present-day stage. Among themes of interest are her observations on the ups and downs of the theatre in the South, her account of Edwin Forrest as actor and man, her passages devoted to Booth and his immediate contemporaries, and her concluding remarks on the theatre of New York and the drama of to-day. The book shows diligence in compilation and skill in

arrangement of material, with evident intent to be broadly and generously inclusive. But among things perhaps unavoidably omitted one notes with some surprise that, good Bostonian though she is, Miss Crawford has barely mentioned that favorite comedian of Boston play-goers of half a century ago, William Warren, while other names are looked for quite in vain. The book is generously and suitably illustrated, handsomely bound, and neatly boxed.

Between the dandy with a leaning toward letters and the man of letters with a leaning toward dandyism there are many grades, representing varying proportions of the two ingredients of foppiness and devotion to literature. Some typical examples of more or less literate men of fashion and more or less fashionable men of letters are presented in rapid and dexterous portraiture by Mr. Leon H. Vincent in his "Dandies and Men of Letters" (Houghton), which contains a dozen chapters on as many celebrities of the early nineteenth century in England. Beau Brummel naturally leads the list, followed by Count D'Orsay, Lord Byron, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Moore, Thomas Hope, William Beckford, Thomas Love Peacock, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Benjamin Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, and Henry Crabb Robinson. Portraits of these gentlemen illustrate the book, which is of that informal, intimate, anecdotal sort that seldom fails to entertain. A resplendent binding is appropriately provided for these followers of fashion.

A vast store of facts interesting to those who follow the progress of ship-building is contained in Mr. E. Keble Chatterton's "Ships and Ways of Other Days" (Lippincott), a book setting forth in a baker's dozen of ample chapters, aided by one hundred and thirty illustrations of various kinds, the eventful story, "how men managed to build, launch, equip, and fit out different craft in all ages," from the time of the Phœnicians to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The iron or steel steamship, or "tea-kettle" as the old-time sailor contemptuously styled it, has no place in Mr. Chatterton's pages. As already shown in his "Sailing Ships and their Story" and in his "Fore and Aft," his love is not for the ocean greyhound or the modern fighting craft. In his chosen field he writes with full knowledge and with experienced pen.

HOLIDAY FICTION.

An ingeniously constructed little romance, brisk, eventful, dramatic, and with a capital climax most happily led up to, comes from the pen of Mr. Jeffery Farnol in a dainty volume with colored pictures by Mr. Charles E. Brock, and entitled "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish" (Little, Brown & Co.). The time of the action is in that indefinite past when wigs and ruffles and laced coats were in fashion, as also were duelling and gambling and hard drinking; and the story is enlivened with plenty of adventure, with highway robbery and dexterous play of swords and some letting of blood, with a love affair to bind

everything together within the limits prescribed by the dramatic unities. The hero, who first poses as a fop, turns out to be a gallant and fearless gentleman, and all ends happily with his winning of the heroine and rescue of her father from certain death at the hands of the villain. Mr. Farnol here shows himself at his least prolix and, some will say, his best.

This season's love-story from the pen of Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour has the alluring title of "Lady Laughter" (Lippincott), and relates how Richard Hollidge, Harvard graduate and formerly Harvard instructor in English, thought himself to be hard at work on his forthcoming textbook on "The Principles of Good English, for the Use of Schools and Colleges," while in reality he was falling more and more irretrievably in love with his second cousin, Betty Lee, the Lady Laughter of the little romance, which of course ends happily with declarations of undying attachment on both sides and the prospect of wedding bells and orange blossoms in the near future. This story of the preoccupied scholar who has to be helped into a consciousness of the state of his heart, and then requires what is virtually a proposal from her who has caused all the mischief, is older than the Pyramids, but always a favorite. Good colored pictures and graceful decorations embellish Mr. Barbour's inviting volume, which is ornately bound and boxed.

In a beautiful holiday edition, with sixteen brightly-colored illustrations from the brush of Mr. Frederick S. Coburn, Miss Anna Fuller's idyl, "A Venetian June" (Putnam), makes its appearance in the twenty-third printing since first it delighted its readers seventeen years ago. Venice forms a pleasing setting for tale or romance, as has been proved often enough; and with the resources of art and fine book-making placed at her disposal, Miss Fuller cannot complain of any sombreness in the dress that now clothes her graceful work. Venice is a city of color, and even if Mr. Coburn's tints are perhaps rather gaudy—as is likely to be the case at present in all colored illustrations—the general effect is cheerful and festive, or, in other words, appropriate to the season.

"The Valley of Shadows" (Lane), by Mr. Francis Grierson, appears in a new edition with good illustrations in color by Miss Evelyn Paul. The Grierson family removed to Illinois, from England, not long before the outbreak of our Civil War, and the boy Francis received indelible impressions of prairie life and prairie folk, which are realistically reproduced in his book. He heard Lincoln and Douglas in one of their famous debates, he acted as page to General Frémont just after Frémont had succeeded General Harney as military commander in St. Louis, and he had an older cousin in Grant's army who made the family name illustrious by his daring cavalry raids. His abundant material for the furnishing of a good book has been skilfully handled by the author in the narrative that has already made him favorably known to many readers.

MISCELLANEOUS HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The story of "Parsifal" this year receives the benefit of Mr. T. W. Rolleston's interpretative skill in a poetic version of beauty and charm. He will be remembered as the author of a notable rendering of the "Tannhäuser" legend a year ago. He allows himself considerable freedom in his treatment of the themes already popularized by Wagner and others, adding new features and reshaping the old where such liberties seem desirable. For instance, of the character Bland, in his "Parsifal," he says in his preface: "She and her relations to the hero are an invention of the present writer, who in this and other respects has used the same freedom in reshaping the details of the old legend as the mediæval writers, who often differ widely from each other, did not scruple to employ." He uses the rhymed iambic ten-syllable verse, and his poem runs to the length of about two thousand lines. Due acknowledgment is made to Wagner. The setting of the poem, in an elaborate accompaniment of colored illustration and ornamentation, the work of Mr. Willy Pogány, is of very unusual richness and beauty. There are sixteen full-page color-plates, and many drawings in monochrome. Even the letter-press is from the artist's hand, and is reproduced by lithography, together with the border designs. Apart from the literary excellence of the work, it is a splendid piece of book-making. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

Chiefly noteworthy among Mr. Thomas B. Mosher's offerings for the present season is the folio volume containing "Ten Spiritual Designs" engraved by Edward Calvert, one of that little group of Blake's contemporary disciples whose work has been too heavily dimmed by the refulgence of their master. Calvert's imagination, like Donne's, led him into a realm where the spiritual and the sensuous were strangely blended; and the "visionary gleams" which he has given us in these drawings will always be cherished for their rare and exquisite beauty. Enlarged as they are, the reproductions here published doubtless do fuller justice to the originals than even the artist's proofs from which they were made. A "Foreword" by Mr. Mosher, a reprinted essay on Calvert by Mr. Herbert P. Horne, and some brief notices from various sources, contain whatever information is necessary to a proper understanding of the artist and his work.—Next in interest is a quarto reprint of Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp: A Book of Essays Written in the Country." First published a half-century ago, "Dreamthorp" has made its way all too slowly into popular recognition, though the elect long since gave it a place on their shelves at no great distance from the acknowledged masters among English essayists. With Mr. James Ashcroft Noble's eloquent appreciation included by way of Introduction, this first adequate edition of "Dreamthorp" is a boon for which lovers of literature should be heartily grateful.—Professor Gilbert Murray's fame as a translator of the great Greek tragedies has rather obscured the reputation of his original three-act play, an experiment in the Greek manner,

entitled "Andromache," first published in 1900. Mr. Mosher has therefore done well to give this a place on his list, in an edition that is typographically all that could be desired.—Three of Mr. Mosher's new books are reprints, in different form, of works previously published by him but which have long been out of print. These are Mr. Robert Bridges's sonnet-sequence, "The Growth of Love," now issued with a portrait of the author; that charming anthology, "Songs of Adieu: A Little Book of Finale and Farewell"; and Mr. Charles Johnston's remarkable renderings from the ancient wisdom books of India, "From the Upanishads," now included in the "Vest-Pocket Series."—It only remains to mention three small miscellaneous volumes: a rubricated edition of "The Sermon on the Mount"; Ernest Dowson's dramatic fantasy, "The Pierrot of the Minute," now added to the "Lyric Garland" series; and "Songs from an Italian Garden" by Mrs. A. Mary F. Robinson, issued in the "Venetian Series."—We have so often praised the form in which Mr. Mosher publishes his books, that anything further on that score would be superfluous. From the elaborate folio to the little paper-covered pocket volume, every title on his list is given a typographic setting at once strikingly attractive and distinctive. Among Christmas gift-books conforming to Dorothy Wordsworth's familiar petition we know of nothing better.

A book about Cambridge University life from the pen of a Tennyson (even though not an Alfred Tennyson) cannot fail to excite pleasurable expectations on being opened. Mr. Charles Tennyson's "Cambridge from Within" (Jacobs) has that personal and reminiscent quality that can raise chronicle and description out of the bleak category of guide-book literature and make the writer's pages glow with something of the warmth and color of life. In his introductory chapter Mr. Tennyson observes that "a prudent chronicler will do well to confine himself to the comparative certainty of personal reminiscence" in handling a subject of so many varied aspects as his. Then follows a series of pen-pictures of academic routine and academic customs, college dons and college undergraduates, methods of work and modes of diversion, interspersed with frequent illustrations, in water-color or in sepia, from Mr. Harry Morley's experienced hand. The book's humorous dedication, "to the friends who may recognize each other, but I hope not themselves, in the following pages," is in itself a promise of good things to come.

To her series of "Myths and Legends" Miss Katharine Berry Judson adds this year a fourth volume entitled "Myths and Legends of the Great Plains" (McClurg), which she frankly acknowledges to be a compilation from such sources as the annual reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology, the publications of the United States Geographical and Geological Survey, and the works of various ethnologists. A great number of legends, ascribed to various Indian tribes, are brought together in brief

and readable form, sometimes in verse, and with occasional illustrations of native origin. A petroglyph in Nebraska is reproduced, portraits of two Indian chiefs are given, and other suitable pictures are provided. The book is excellent as a popular and at the same time faithful treatment of its subject.

Zeal and industry and an equipment of rather unusual learning have gone into the making of Mr. Lewis Spence's elaborate volume on "The Myths of Mexico and Peru" (Crowell). The subject is one that still invites the researches of archaeologists and philologists, and the author laments that so little interest in it has yet been taken by English scholars. Notable is his emphatically-declared belief in the native origin of the civilization of Mexico, Central America, and Peru, a subject on which, as he remarks, much mistaken erudition has been lavished. Rather more than two-thirds of his book is devoted to Mexico, the concluding portion to Peru, with appended maps, bibliography, language notes, and a combined glossary and index. Sixty full-page illustrations, some in color, add to the book's attractiveness.

Some of the last productions of the pen of her whom her readers will ever remember by her maiden name of Myrtle Reed, rather than by her married name of Mrs. James S. McCullough, are gathered into a lavender-bound volume under the title, "Happy Women" (Putnam). Happy these women were in that they had a high purpose in life and attained it. Here is the list: Dolly Madison, Queen Louise of Prussia, Dorothy Wordsworth, Caroline Herschel, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Cushman, Lucretia Mott, Florence Nightingale, Dorothy Pattison, Jenny Lind, Louisa Alcott, and Queen Victoria. A portrait of each is given, also a sympathetic introduction, biographical and appreciative, contributed by Mrs. Mary Badollet Powell, a friend and admirer of the author of the book.

A series of "Fellowship Books" (Dutton) under the general editorship of Miss Mary Stratton, starts with four short and wholesome treatises on "Friendship," by Mr. Clifford Bax, "The Joy of the Theatre," by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, "Divine Discontent," by Mr. James Guthrie, and "The Quest of the Ideal," by Mrs. Grace Rhys. Each writer is left to choose his or her own subject, and only those who are in sympathy with the purpose of the series are invited to contribute. The series is described as "a new contribution toward the expression of the human ideal and artistic faith of our own day," and it seeks "to recall the elemental truths whence springs all that makes life worth living, the factors that increase our common enjoyment of nature, poetry and art." A list of able writers for forthcoming volumes is announced. Each issue is attractively bound in blue and gilt, with paper wrapper. Press-work is of the best. The quality and inexpensiveness of these little books should secure them a good circulation. They are an excellent corrective to materialism in its manifold forms.

A delightful spirit of frivolity pervades the five

little volumes of the "Onyx Series," books made up of snippets of prose and verse—rather more verse than prose—all from the nimble pen of Miss Carolyn Wells. The titles of these five smile-begetters are: "Girls and Gayety," "The Eternal Feminine," "Pleasing Prose," "The Re-echo Club," and "Christmas Carolin'." The connoisseur will probably like best of all "The Re-echo Club," in which bits of verse on nonsensical themes are given in the manner of various eminent poets. Faithful to its name, the series is printed on paper of onyx pattern and hues, and a cover-design in imitation of lace decorates the binding. Miss Wells proves herself the possessor of an all but inexhaustible fund of fun; her hilarity chimes well with the Christmas season. (Franklin Bigelow Corporation.)

Another book is added to Mr. Wayne Whipple's "Story-Life" series in "The Story-Life of the Son of Man" (Revell), which, following the plan so successfully adopted in the similar biographies of Washington and Lincoln, has brought together into an elaborate mosaic nearly a thousand well-considered selections from many sources—from Geikie, Edersheim, Farrar, Beecher, and a large company of more recent writers, with occasional extracts from the poets, and frequent insertions of suitable illustrations, also gathered from a variety of sources. A comprehensive index closes the book, which extends to nearly six hundred pages. Such unity and symmetry as it is possible to give to a structure built of so varying material, the guiding mind of the compiler seems to have given to this "book of a thousand stories," as he calls it, and "story of a thousand books."

The water-color illustrations from the brush of Mr. Harry Morley constitute not the least admirable feature of Mr. Alfred Hyatt's latest additions to his series of topographical anthologies that began with "The Charm of London," illustrated by Mr. Yoshio Markino, and continued with a similar work on Venice, illustrated by Mr. Harald Sund, and is now further enlarged by the addition of "The Charm of Paris" and "The Charm of Edinburgh." Each volume has twelve colored plates, light and graceful in character, and the reading matter includes both prose and verse from a wide range of authors. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)

Seven popular songs of the South are grouped in a lavishly illustrated volume under the title "The Old Plantation Melodies" (Caldwell), the words and music of each song, plainly printed, being followed by an ornamental reproduction of the lines, one or two on a page, with pictorial accompaniment on the opposite page. "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Swanee River," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Nellie Was a Lady," all by Stephen Collins Foster, make their welcome appearance; also "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," by Walter Kittredge, "Marching through Georgia," by Henry C. Work, and "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the Boys are Marching," by George F. Root. Portraits and other illustrative accessories are supplied.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The following is a list of all children's books published during the present season and received at the office of THE DIAL up to the time of going to press with this issue. It is believed that this classified list will commend itself to Holiday purchasers as a convenient guide to the juvenile books for the season of 1913.

Stories of Travel and Adventure.

- TREASURE MOUNTAIN; or, The Young Prospectors.** By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.
- THE VOYAGE OF THE HOPPERGRASS.** By Edmund Lester Pearson. Illustrated. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- AIRSHIP CRUISING FROM SILVER FOX FARM.** By James Otis. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.
- THE FOUR CORNERS IN EGYPT.** By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.50.
- DOROTHY BROOKS ACROSS THE SEA.** By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.
- APACHE GOLD.** A Story of the Strange Southwest. By Joseph A. Altscheler. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35 net.
- THE WILD WHITE WOODS; or, A Winter Camp on the Canada Line.** By Russell D. Smith. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.
- AN ARMY BOY IN THE PHILIPPINES.** By C. E. Kilbourne. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25 net.
- MESSMATES: Midshipman "Pewee" Clinton's First Cruise.** By William O. Stevens. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.
- THE WILDERNESS CASTAWAYS: Adventures in Sub-Arctic Regions.** By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated, 12mo, 322 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25 net.
- ROGER PAULDING, GUNNER.** By Edward L. Beach. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25 net.
- THE LAND OF MYSTERY: Adventures in Egypt and Cairo.** By Cleveland Moffett. Illustrated. Century Co. \$1.25 net.
- CAMPING ON WESTERN TRAILS: Adventures of Two Boys in the Rocky Mountains.** By Elmer Russell Gregor. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.
- YOUNG ALASKANS IN THE ROCKIES.** By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.
- CAMPING ON THE GREAT LAKES.** By Raymond S. Spears. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.
- NED BREWSTER'S BEAR HUNT.** By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Illustrated, 12mo, 285 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20 net.
- THERE SHE BLOWS! A Whaling Yarn.** By James Cooper Wheeler; with Introduction by F. A. Lucas. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.20 net.
- A UNITED STATES MIDSHIPMAN IN THE SOUTH SEAS.** By Yates Stirling, Jr. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1. net.
- THE BOY SCOUTS ON SWIFT RIVER.** By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated. Penn Publishing Co. \$1. net.
- MIDSHIPMAN DAYS.** By Roger West. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.
- JEAN CABOT IN THE BRITISH ISLES.** By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Illustrated. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1. net.
- BOY SCOUTS IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.** By Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1. net.
- BARBARA'S PHILIPPINE JOURNEY.** By Frances Williston Burks. Illustrated. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Co.

THE YOUNG TRAPPERS; or, The Quest of the Giant Moose. By Hugh Pendexter. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co. 65 cts. net.

THE BOY PATROL SERIES. By Edward S. Ellis. New volumes: *The Boy Patrol on Guard*; *The Boy Patrol Round the Council Fire*. Each illustrated. John C. Winston Co. Per volume, 60 cts.

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- CHATTERBOX FOR 1913. Founded by J. Erskine Clark, M.A. Illustrated in color, etc. Dana Estes & Co. \$1.25.
- THE SHEPHERD OF US ALL: A Life of Christ. By Mary Stewart. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25 net.
- THIS WONDER-WORLD. By Agnes Giberne. Illustrated. American Tract Society. \$1. net.

NOTES.

A volume of "Essays, Political and Literary" by the Earl of Cromer is to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan.

A Life of Admiral Semmes, by Mr. Colyer Meriwether, will be added soon to Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co.'s "American Crisis Biographies."

The recent edition of Mrs. Meynell's collected poems is to be followed shortly by a uniform volume of selected essays from her pen.

Miss Inez Haynes Gillmore's story, "Angel Island," now appearing as a serial in the "American Magazine," will be published in book form next month by Messrs. Holt & Co.

"Maximilian in Mexico," by Mr. Percy M. Martin, is a timely volume to be issued at once by Messrs. Scribner. The narrative is based on original documents, official and private, in English, French, and Spanish.

An illustrated holiday edition of Mr. E. V. Lucas's popular anthology, "The Open Road," will be published immediately by Messrs. Holt. Sixteen pictures in color are supplied by an English artist, Mr. Claude Sheppardson.

It is evidently Mr. G. K. Chesterton's intention to attempt every known literary form. A play from his pen is now announced by Messrs. Putnam. Its title is "Magic," and it is described by the author as "a fantastic comedy."

The publication of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's forthcoming novel, "The Flying Inn," has been postponed by the John Lane Company until January, 1914. This will permit of simultaneous publication in Canada and England also.

The story of one of Marie Antoinette's favorite musicians, a great singer of his time and an arbiter of fashion, is told in "Pierre Garat: Singer and Exquisite" by Mr. Bernard Miall, announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Scribner.

Among other Oxford Press books in active preparation are a volume of "Studies in the Odyssey," by Mr. J. A. K. Thomson; "English University Drama, 1540-1603," by Mr. F. S. Boas; "A Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words," by W. W. Skeat, completed by Mr. A. L. Mayhew; and a "Concise Dante Dictionary" by Dr. Paget Toynbee.

"The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence," by the Countess de Chambrun, is announced by Messrs. Putnam. According to its publishers, this new edition of Shakespeare's sonnets contains, in the editor's introductory discussion, "a piquantly readable as well as scholarly contribution to one of the most unsettled of literary problems."

Two new volumes by Rabindranath Tagore, to whom the Nobel Prize for literature was recently awarded, will be issued at once by Messrs. Macmillan. These two books are "The Crescent Moon," a volume of child poems with illustrations in color by a Hindu artist, and "Sadhana: The Realization of Life," a number of essays, some of which were delivered as lectures at Oxford and Harvard.

The Indiana Library Association has issued a "hand-book," in pamphlet form, giving the history of its origin in 1891 and its subsequent growth. Miss Mary Eileen Ahern, whose portrait appropriately faces the title-page, called the association into being when she was assistant librarian of the Indiana State Library; and from an

initial membership of eight it has grown to a membership of one hundred and forty, not including nineteen "institutional members," chiefly libraries. It is a highly creditable record.

To the library of Brown University has been presented by the class of 1872 the private library formerly owned by Dr. Adrian Scott, a member of that class and at one time Associate Professor of Germanic Languages in the University. The collection numbers about one thousand volumes, chiefly philological and literary in their contents, and is especially rich in Sanskrit, Pali, and Icelandic works. It also has many of the Greek and Latin classics, often interleaved and enriched with translations from Dr. Scott's pen.

That the discontinuance of the Doves Press, about which we have heard rumors of late, is not a matter of the immediate future at least is rather proved by the announcement of nine new volumes now under way at the Press for issue in 1914 and 1915. During the coming year we are to have the "Coriolanus," which has been held back for some time by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's illness; "Amantium Irae: Letters addressed by T. J. S. to Lord and Lady Amberley in the years 1864-1867"; volumes of poems by Keats and Shelley, as selected and arranged by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson; and Shakespeare's "The Rape of Lucrece."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

December, 1913.

Anglo-Saxon Coöperation. August Schvan *North American*
Arles, A Pilgrimage to. Richard Le Gallienne *Harper*
Athletics, America First in. Carl Crow *World's Work*
Australian Bypaths. Norman Duncan *Harper*
"Black Death," The, in Manchuria. B. J.

Hendrick *World's Work*
Buffalo and Eland, African. Theodore Roosevelt *Scribner*
Business, Better. William Hard *Everybody's*
Business Success Secrets—II. E. M. Woolley *World's Work*
Cancer, Campaign against. Roswell Park *Review of Reviews*
Cancer, Treatment of, with Radium. Burton J.

Hendrick *Review of Reviews*
Capital Punishment and Life Imprisonment. Winifred
L. Taylor *Scribner*
Celtic West, The. Vernon Lee *Scribner*
China Summons Confucius. Bradley Gilman *Rev. of Revs.*
Christian Science, Protestantism and.

A Churchman *North American*
Christmas, A, for Cities. Gerald S. Lee *Everybody's*
Christmas, The Meaning of. George A. Gordon *Atlantic*
Constitutionalism, Crisis in. David J. Hill *North American*
Contented Heart, The. Lucy E. Keeler *Atlantic*
Currency Reform under Wilson. E. S. Mead *Lippincott*
Drayton, Sherwood, The Case of. F. B. Copley *American*
Educated, The Luxury of Being. H. S. Canby *Harper*
England and Ireland. H. Fielding-Hall *Atlantic*
Feminist Intentions. W. L. George *Atlantic*
Fire-proofing a City. Joseph Johnson *Review of Reviews*
Foreign Policy, The American. W. Morgan Shuster *Century*
Fraternity Women. Sarah G. Pomeroy *Century*
Girl, The Unchanging. Edward S. Martin *Harper*
Gold—If It Were Dross. C. A. Conant *No. American*
Golf, Mind vs. Muscle in. H. S. Langfeld *Century*
Grant and Hayes Administrations, The. Madame
de Hegerman-Lindencrone *Harper*
Homesteader, Woman, Letters of a—III. Elinore

R. Stewart *Atlantic*
Houston, of Agriculture. Arthur W. Page *World's Work*
Human Thoroughbreds. W. A. Frost *World's Work*
Immigration, Social Effects of. Edward A. Ross *Century*
India's Life of the Soul. Charles Johnston *Atlantic*
Justice, Swift and Cheap—III. G. W. Alger *World's Work*

Lincoln, Schoolboy Impressions of. W. A. Paton *Scribner*
Literary Conventions, Our. L. C. Willcox *North American*
Love, Some Allies of. Richard C. Cabot *Atlantic*
McClure, Mr. S. S., Autobiography of *McClure*
Manchu Court, Secret Annals of the. Edmund

Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland *Atlantic*
Materialists, The. Margaret Sherwood *North American*
Mexico, The President and. George Harvey *North American*
Mission Play, The, of California. Henry Van Dyke *Century*
Mitchell, Dr. S. Weir, Versatility and. R. H.

Schauffler *Century*
Money—How to Make It Earn. A. W. Atwood *McClure*
Monroe Doctrine, New Basis for the. George H.

Blakelee *North American*
Norton, Charles Eliot. William D. Howells *North Amer.*
Peanut Industry, The. E. M. Woolley *McClure*
Psychology, Naive. Hugo Münsterberg *Atlantic*
Religion, Modern Quest for a. Winston Churchill *Century*
Rihbany, Abraham Mitrie, Autobiography of *Atlantic*
St. Thomas's Church, The New, of New York.

Montgomery Schuyler *Scribner*
Sand, George. Florence L. Ravenel *North American*
Singers, Three American. Willa S. Cather *McClure*
Single Tax, The. F. W. Garrison *Atlantic*
Socialism—III. Morris Hillquit and John

Augustine Ryan *Everybody's*
Tariff Reduction, Business and. Arno Dosch *World's Work*
Theatre, The New, and the Man of Letters. Walter

Prichard Eaton *Century*
Trenton Idea, The. W. H. Hamby *World's Work*
Washington, Segregation at, and the President. Oswald

G. Villard *North American*
Water-Power War, The. H. B. Fuller *World's Work*
Wild Life, A Champion of. Geo. Gladden *Review of Reviews*
Williams, John Langbourne, of Virginia *Review of Reviews*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 209 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

The Russian Ballet. By A. E. Johnson; illustrated in color, etc., by René Bull. 4to, 240 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$7.50 net.

The Gospel Story in Art. By John La Farge. With 80 full-page reproductions from famous paintings, large 8vo. Macmillan Co. \$5. net.

In Thackeray's London: Pictures and Text by E. Hopkinson Smith. 4to, 200 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.50 net.

Paris Nights, and Other Impressions of Places and People. By Arnold Bennett; illustrated by E. A. Rickards. Large 8vo. George H. Doran Co. \$3. net.

Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes. By William Alexander Lambeth, M.D., and Warren H. Manning. Illustrated in photogravure, large 8vo, 122 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$10. net.

The Old Boston Post Road. By Stephen Jenkins. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 452 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Tom Brown's School Days. By Thomas Hughes; edited by F. Sidgwick, with Preface by Lord Kilbracken. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 324 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.

The Cities of Romagna and the Marches. By Edward Hutton; illustrated in color, etc., by Frank Crisp. 12mo, 309 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.

Hourly Reminder: A Daily Engagement Calendar for 1914. Compiled by Charlotte Boardman Rogers. 12mo. New York: W. N. Sharpe Co., Inc. \$3.

Irishmen All. By George A. Birmingham; illustrated in color by Jack B. Yeats. 12mo, 225 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.75 net.

Fifty Caricatures. By Max Beerbohm. Large 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

Tales from the Traveller. By Washington Irving; illustrated in color, etc., by George Hood. Large 8vo, 235 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50 net.

The Old Spanish Missions of California: An Historical and Descriptive Sketch. By Paul Elder; illustrated chiefly from photographs by Western artists. Large 8vo, 89 pages. Paul Elder & Co. \$3.50 net.

The Friendly Road. By David Grayson. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 342 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35 net.

The Mountains about Williamstown. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D.; with Introduction by Marion Mills Miller, Litt.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 100 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.

The Valley of Shadows. By Francis Grierson. New edition; illustrated in color, 12mo, 315 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

Happy Women. By Myrtle Reed. With portraits, 12mo, 174 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Lady Laughter. By Ralph Henry Barbour; illustrated in color by Gayle Hoskins, and decorated by Edward Stratton Holloway. 8vo, 176 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

Under the Greenwood Tree: A Rural Painting of the Dutch School. By Thomas Hardy; illustrated in color by Keith Henderson. 8vo, 271 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.

Myths and Legends of the Great Plains. Selected and edited by Katharine Berry Judson. Illustrated, 8vo, 205 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50 net.

The Telling of Felix. By Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 69 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The Stranger at the Gate: A Story of Christmas. By Mabel Osgood Wright. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 305 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

The Panama Canal. Illustrations in color and text by Earle Harrison. Large 8vo, 34 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1. net.

The Christmas Bishop. By Winifred Kirkland. Illustrated, 12mo, 154 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1. net.

The Sermon on the Mount: Reprinted from the King James Version. 16mo, 29 pages. Thomas B. Mosher. 75 cts. net.

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Legendary Lore and Peeps at Pictures. By Effie Seachrest. Illustrated, 12mo, 80 pages. Kansas City: The Crafters. 75 cts.

The Kate Douglas Wiggin Calendar, 1914. Illustrated in color. Sully & Kleinteich. 60 cts.

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Under the Christmas Stars. By Grace S. Richmond. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 55 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cts. net.

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The Book of the Epic: The World's Great Epics Told in Story. By H. A. Guerber; with Introduction by J. Berg Esenwein, Litt.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 493 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2. net.

The Fools of Shakespeare: An Interpretation of Their Wit, Wisdom, and Personalities. By Frederick Warde. Illustrated, 12mo, 214 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.25 net.

Courtly Love in Chaucer and Gower. By William George Dodd. 8vo, 257 pages. Glann & Co. \$2. net.

Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds. By Frank Aydelotte, B.Litt. Illustrated, 8vo, 187 pages. "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies." Oxford University Press.

Three Lords of Destiny. By Samuel McChord Crothers. 12mo, 129 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.

Harvest Home. By E. V. Lucas. 12mo, 180 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

Contemporary Russian Novelists. By Serge Persky; translated from the French by Frederick Elsmann. 12mo, 317 pages. John W. Luce & Co. \$1.50 net.

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The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Medwin; with Introduction and Commentary by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 542 pages. Oxford University Press.

Englands Parnassus. Compiled by Robert Allot, 1600, edited, with Introduction, Notes, Tables, and Indexes, by Charles Crawford. 12mo, 560 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Growth of Love. By Robert Bridges. With portrait, 12mo. Thomas B. Mosher. \$1.50 net.

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